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THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY ALICE I. MCALILLY.

Our life must taste of sorrow's cup,
While pleasures lightly flow,
As notes of joy when followed up
With undertones of woe.

And when life's fitful billows loom,
And cloud its radiance o'er,
We shrink in vain from out the gloom
Of shadows cast before.

Not ours to mete life's measure out,
Nor our the years to span,
And earthly laws availeth not
To spare the life of man.

The soul, which spurneth sinful dross,
Can triumph over pain;
And what we deem as worldly loss,
Is sometimes heaven's gain.

When friends are false, and griefs assail,
And love sleeps 'neath the sod,
We seek, when all things human fail,
To place our faith in God.

Thus, when our earthly joys are dead,
Our hearts new hopes are given,
And oft it is that we are led,
Through suffering, to heaven.

SAVED FROM THE WATERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CECIL'S MISTAKE,' ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

THE sudden revulsion of feeling was almost more than Dick could bear. Not less agitated than herself, he stood with quivering lips and trembling hand, with no thought of Harry Lemaine's disappointment in his heart, no other idea but that Marjory was his still.

"I don't think I quite understand, Marjy," he said at length very gently and kindly. "I think I must be very obtuse. You will have to tell your old brother all about it, and go into detail. It is a serious matter, my child."

"I know," she acknowledged faintly, after a pause. "Bear with me, Dick, and be patient. I will do whatever you wish me to do."

Whatever he wished her to do! A slight smile curled Dick's moustache. She little knew to what her offer might lead her.

"Well, dear," said he at last, finding that she did not speak again, and anxious to end his suspense and her evident suffering. "I am waiting."

And then slowly, brokenly, with many a caught breath, many a half stifled sob many a pause, Marjory told him a pitiful little tale.

She liked Captain Lemaine very much; but she did not love him, and had no thought that he cared for her otherwise than as a friend; but when Mrs. Alford had spoken of his evident admiration and love, Marjory's surprise had known no bounds.

"She did not believe that I was really surprised," went on the girl, with her golden head bowed on his arm. "She said that I must have guessed it all along, and that Captain Lemaine believed that I returned his affection—that he could not think otherwise."

"Well?" said Richard Beresford gently, as she paused.

"Belle said that I had been flirting," went on shamefaced Marjory, "that I had behaved wrongly and wickedly, that I had led him on, and that if I did not marry him, he would be miserable; and so, when he asked me if he might write to you, I said, 'Yes, if he liked.' I was afraid."

"Afraid! Of what?"

"That he would be unhappy through my fault—that you would think I had been—been—flirting—that you would be angry, and not care for me any more. Oh, Dick"—and, for the first time, the tearful, pleading, and troubled eyes were raised entreatingly to his—"are you angry? Was I very wrong? Will this take your love from me?"

"Nothing could do that, my child," he said gravely and gently "nothing—not even a much graver fault than flirtation, and, in this case, Marjy, I think you have erred through ignorance, not willingly."

"I did not mean any harm, Dick."

"I think you did not, dear," he answered sadly. "But you should have reflected—we all thought that you liked him. You must be careful, Marjy, or those blue eyes will get us into trouble again."

"Do you think he will mind very much?" she said, as she nestled up to Dick, comforted by his kindly tones.

"I am afraid he will, Marjory," he replied still sadly. "But, dear child," he went on after a pause, "you like him so much, are you sure you do not love him a little?"

She withdrew herself and looked up startled into his face.

"You do not think I ought to marry him?" she said.

"Not unless you love him. That would be to inflict a still greater wrong upon him, Marjy. But you are very young and inexperienced, dear, and you may not know your own mind. Are you quite sure you do not love him?"

He had taken the two little hands in his, and, holding her at arm's length, was looking searchingly into her face. The crimson rushed up even to the roots of her golden hair.

"Sure," she answered in a low tone, but steadily.

"And that you could not love him in time?"

"Yes," said Marjory steadily, although she was struggling to free her hands; and her cheeks were burning with blushes of confusion.

"But my child," persisted Dick, "you have seen so little of the world. How do you know that your feeling for him is not love?"

"Because, before I saw him, I learnt to know what love was," she answered, lifting her eyes, now half imploringly, half smilingly, and then, wrenching her hands from his clasp, she fled away, leaving Dick bewildered and uneasy, but with a sudden half-suffocating tide of joy swelling up in his heart.

For a few minutes he stood where she had left him, his heart beating, his pulses throbbing, then he made a gesture of passionate impatience, and turned to the desk.

"Fool—fool!" he muttered angrily. "As if when he failed I should succeed! And yet who is it—who is it the child loves?"

There was another abstracted pause, then, with a second impatient gesture, he turned to the hitherto unheeded letters, and, opening them, became absorbed in their contents.

An hour afterwards, with his face pale and set, and stern, Richard went into the dining room and stood silently by his father's side.

"Has she accepted him?" said Mr. Beresford, looking up for a moment.

"No," said Dick briefly.

"Ha! Poor lad!" said the old man quietly.

"But we shall lose our sunshine all the same, father."

"Lose her?" asked the old gentlemen quickly. "Who will take her from us now?"

"Her father—Sir George Barclay."

CHAPTER V.

THE next day poor Harry Lemaine and his disappointment, and the agitation of a "first offer," were entirely forgotten; and Marjory could spare no thought for them in the excitement occasioned by the arrival of her unknown father, Sir George Barclay, who allowed so short a time to elapse before he followed his letter that the girl had hardly realized the truth before he put in an appearance at Penfern House, furnished with every proof to substantiate his claim on the little girl who had been sent home from India under the care of a relative in the ship *Ionthe*, which had been wrecked off the Cornish coast. Hearing in his distant home that every soul on board had perished, Sir George, then Captain, Barclay had given up all hope of seeing his little daughter again; and his young wife had died of a broken heart, so that the same year which had made him childless made him also a widower.

He had remained abroad for many years; and had married again, returning to England but three years before his arrival at Penfern.

It was by a mere chance that he had discovered Marjory's existence. One day, at the house of his lawyer he had seen a photograph which so strikingly resembled his dead wife that he had been led to make some inquiries concerning the original. Mr. Hurst's daughter, who had been a school-friend of Marjory's, had, with girlish pleasure at the romance, told him the particulars of her friend's wonderful rescue. All his interest aroused, he had closely investigated the matter, found that places and dates tallied exactly, and he had come to claim his daughter.

It was a terrible blow to the Beresfords, and came upon them like a clap of thunder; while Marjory herself seemed stunned and bewildered, and unable to realize the truth.

Sir George was a handsome, polished man, still on the sunny side of fifty, with high-bred manners and imposing presence. His greeting to Marjory was all that it should be—very tender and affectionate, quiet and gentle, his thanks and gratitude to the Beresfords, father and son, were perfectly expressed, and evidently sincere.

"You should not have been troubled with my little girl for so long, Mr. Beresford," he said, after the first greeting and explanations were over; "but my bereavement made me for a time a wanderer; and I did not see a newspaper for months. How can I thank you for your care of her?"

"Marjory was sitting by his side, very white, with her hands lying in his, and her long lashes resting on her cheek. Robert Beresford was in his usual seat, looking more excited and disturbed than was usual for him, and occasionally glancing at his son, who sat by the table, his face in the shadow, his strong hand lying on the table clenched.

"It has not been trouble," said the old man, with a fond look at her. "She has been a great joy to us these sixteen years, Sir George."

Marjory gave him a little loving glance, and then, rising, went over to his side; and Mr. Beresford put his hand gently over her's. The girl tried to smile in reply, but her composure gave way; and, breaking into tears, she turned and fled from the room.

"She has a loving heart," said Robert softly, afraid Sir George might feel hurt at the evident grief; "and Penfern has been her home so long."

"No doubt, no doubt," acquiesced Sir George coolly. "She will feel the separation at first, but a little change and gaiety will make her forget. The crops are looking in first-rate condition," he added, turning to Dick and changing the subject. "This is a very pretty country."

Dick answered quietly, and then, at Sir George's request, took him over the farms and outbuildings, talking of agriculture horses, crops, fruit, of anything of Marjory, until dinner-time drew near, when the Baronet was shown to the bed room prepared for him, and Dick rushed up to his own, and prepared for dinner with the utmost expedition.

On his return to the dining-room, he found it in possession of the old servant-man, who was laying the table; but in Marjory's pretty drawning room beyond there was the sound of voices, and he entered.

His father and Marjory were there, standing in the recess of the bay window; the girl's hand was clasped in Robert Beresford's, and she was trying to smile at his words. She was dressed in white, with blue ribbons—Dick's blue—in her hair and at her throat, and her face was very pale and troubled.

"I am telling Marjory that Penfern is always her home, even when she leaves us," said the old man, turning to Dick as he entered—"that she must always think of it as such."

"Did Marjory need telling, father?" asked Dick, smiling sadly.

"I trust not," said his father. "She knew it before. And now, little girl, I must go and get ready for dinner. Sir George would think badly of an old boor who sat down to dinner with a lady without changing his coat."

He touched her brow tenderly with his lips, and went away slowly, closing the door after him as he went, with a dim perception that this was no ordinary separation to his son, that there was something in Dick's face which meant more than losing his "little sister."

"Poor boy, poor boy!" muttered Robert Beresford, as he went up slowly to his room. To him his son was still a boy; to Sir George Barclay he had seemed a man of his own years.

After he had left them, neither Dick or Marjory spoke. It was the first time they had been alone since their interview in the library on the day before, and both were thinking of the girl's last words then.

"Before I saw him," she had said, "I learnt what love was."

Who has taught her that lesson?

"Dick," the young girl said at last, speaking almost impatiently, "don't you care to let me go? I think you do not."

"Not care," he answered—"not care, Marjy!"

There was no mistaking the bitter pain in his voice. Marjy crossed the room to his side.

"Dick," she said softly, "why do you let me go?"

He started; and the young girl felt that the hand she had taken in both hers shook like a leaf.

"I cannot help it, Marjy," he said, controlling himself with an effort. "I cannot keep you from your father."

"I am more yours than his, Dick"—quickly.

"Not by right, dear."

"By every right of love. Oh, Dick, don't let him take me from you!"

"I think you don't know how you are hurting me, Marjy," he said in a low tone, while his lips quivered with pain.

"But," she persisted, the hot blushes covering her face, "if I had been married to Captain Lemaine, Dick, my father could not have taken me from him. I could have been as dutiful a daughter—and I can be so here, Dick, if you will let me stay."

"If I will let you! Oh, Heaven!" he exclaimed, with a groan, as he turned from her and covered his face with his hands.

"Will you keep me, Dick?" she said boldly.

There was no reply. Richard Beresford was fighting a hard battle with his emotion, and had not conquered it as yet. Marjory drew nearer, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't you love me enough to keep me, Dick?" she said very softly.

"Love you enough?" he echoed passionately. "Oh, Marjory, don't you see that I love you with my whole heart and soul and strength—don't you see that? Fool that I am! I have let myself love you so utterly that the thought of letting you go is agony—scarcely less bitter than the giving you up last night to Harry Lemaine."

"I think you want to get rid of me at any price," she said, smiling, though her eyes were full of tears; and she took both his hands and put them round her, looking up into his troubled face with a love light shining in the sweet blue eyes. "You will have to keep me, Dick. I won't go!"

He caught her to him then, straining her with passionate vehemence to his heart, then holding her from him, he bent and kissed her on the brow.

"My little generous darling!" he said softly. "Do you think I would accept such a sacrifice at your hands?"

"Sacrifice!" she echoed passionately. "Oh, Dick, you cannot really love me, or you would not think that I could live without you, and knew you as I know you and not love you!"

The sweet flattery called up a sad smile to Dick's lips; but, before he could speak, she went on passionately—

"I love you! I love you! There is no generosity, no sacrifice. Oh, Dick, I love you! I cannot be happy without your love!"

"Marjory," he said hoarsely. "Do you know what you are saying? Are you deceiving yourself? Are you, in pity for my pain, trying to twist the gratitude you think you owe me into love? Oh, my darling, have you reflected? To give you up now would be infinitely less hard than to give you up after a time, having believed——"

"Dick," she interrupted, laying her hands on his shoulders, and lifting her eyes, "why won't you believe me? How can I force you to believe that I love you as well as—nay, a great deal better than—you love me? You see I am taking you at you word. Why won't you take me at mine?"

"The cases are so different, my darling. How could I help loving you? But for you to love me? Think, little girl, how much older I am?"

"I can't help it, Dick," she said smiling. "It may be very foolish. I dare say it is. It must be if you think so, as you seem to do; but I do love you—not as my brother, not as—not in any other way but as you love me."

She hid her face on his breast now, and Dick clasped her to him, trying to realize the great happiness which had come through his great sorrow, and there were some very happy moments before the dinner bell rang and brought them down to earthly things again.

The meal passed off much less heavily than Robert Beresford had expected. Dick was quiet and courteous as usual, and apparently in good spirits.

Marjory's cheeks were flushed; her blue eyes gleamed like stars, and her beauty was so evident and remarkable that her father could not take his eyes off her face; but he could not fail to see the peculiar sweetness and softness in her manner to Dick, and how the blue eyes turned to him with such a tender love-light in their depths.

Sir George could not quite get rid of an uncomfortable feeling that it would require a good deal to make his daughter forget who had saved her from the sea—he never for a moment supposed that she loved him. Sir George was sufficiently a gentleman to see the signs of high breeding in his host and the quiet expression of concentrated power about the younger man had struck him; but he did not think it at all probable that the girl should have fallen in love with a man so greatly her senior, and one whom she had known from her childhood.

After dinner he sat with Marjory in the little drawing-room, and talked to her of her step mother and two or three young sisters who were so anxiously awaiting her arrival, and looking forward to it with so much pleasure and affection. He told her too of the gay world, and the pleasure of society to which she must be introduced, and spoke tenderly of his pride and his wife's in their beautiful new daughter, who should queen it among the fairest; and Marjory listened quietly, and, when he had ended, put her hands in his, and told him simply, but earnestly, of her love for Richard Beresford.

Sir George was greatly incensed, and dissembled his anger only by a strong effort. He was however too wise to show Marjory his displeasure, and only laughed at her gently, and told her she was a foolish child not capable of judging of such things. He was sure that Mr. Beresford would see the absurdity of anything of the kind, as Marjory herself would by and by.

The young girl was too much in earnest not to urge her wishes vehemently, although her father's kindly raillery greatly discomposed her; but Sir George merely caressed and petted her, and finally dismissed her in tears, which he attributed to over-excitement and fatigue.

"You will not give me up, Dick?" she whispered, clinging to him for a moment as she said good-night; and the smile she got in reply sent her to her room sobbing bitterly, but with a great depth of joy in her heart.

Sir George Barclay was perfectly just and impartial in discussing the matter with Dick the next morning as they walked round the farm together; all he said was to the point and not to be gainsaid.

"My only wish in the matter is, of course, for my daughter's happiness; and, if it can be proved that the engagement to you is a means of attaining that end, I will give you my consent to it freely and willingly. I feel sure I could not give her to a more honorable man," he said, as they strolled through the golden cornfields, Sir George erect and stately, Dick with his hands behind his back and his head bowed on his breast; "but I do not think it is to be desired, or that it would be a prudent measure."

"Not if Marjory loves me?" was the quiet reply, as Dick thought of the clinging arms and the softly-whispered "You will not give me up?"

"That would alter the case," said George, smiling. "But I think it is very doubtful. It is very seldom girls fall in love with their brothers, and you are that to her, Mr. Beresford. The child—she is but a child still—cannot know whether her affection for you be love or not."

"I am inclined to think that it is, Sir George," said Richard softly.

"Probably," and Sir George smiled again. "I am inclined to think that it is not. If you will think the matter over dispassionately with me, Mr. Beresford, I am sure we shall agree. My daughter is very young, and, I fancy, full of generous impulses, and her gratitude to Mr. Beresford and you is naturally deep. May it not be that, having discovered the nature of your feelings towards her, she thinks it a duty to endeavor to return them?"

Dick was silent. During a long sleepless night he had pondered these things; and every objection which Sir George Barclay had made had presented itself to him, while to combat them he had only the remembrance of the love lit eyes, and the sweet tones saying, 'I love you, Dick."

"Marjory has seen but little or nothing of the world," pursued her father. "You yourself are, I apprehend, the only cultivated man with whom she has been brought in intimate contact. It is natural that she should imagine that she loves you. Again, you are considerably her senior."

"Do you think I have not thought of all this?" answered Dick, smiling, with a secret tone of pain in his voice. "And yet, if I doubt her love, I must doubt her own assurance."

"If you accept her love, I cannot but believe that you sacrifice her happiness," said Sir George coldly. "It will be an ungenerous advantage to take of her inexperience and gratitude. Not many months would elapse before she would repent of such a sacrifice, and blame those who had permitted her to bury herself here without a taste of the pleasures and society of the great world to which her rank and position entitle her."

"I know you are right," replied Dick a little huskily. "And yet, if you knew, Sir George, what it costs me to give her up, you would believe that the child could do worse than to trust herself to my love."

The Baronet was a worldly man. He liked rank, money, influence, and consideration, and cared little for the humbler virtues of love, truth, faith, and devotion; but something in Dick's tone touched a long silent chord in his heart, and he said cordially:

"I can well believe that; but I cannot retract what I have said. I think that I am not wrong in believing that your love for Marjory is strong enough to prefer her happiness to your own. I know I may safely leave the matter in your hands."

"No," returned the other hastily; "it is you who must decide, Sir George. You judge me truly when you say I would prefer her happiness to mine, but, if she pleads with me and urges her love, I am powerless to refuse her anything. It is not safe to refuse her anything. It is not safe to trust me," he added with a faint smile. "Honesty of purpose is here, but not strength of mind enough to fight against my own heart and—Marjory."

"You will not seek to influence her?" said Sir George.

"You may safely trust me," answered Richard Beresford haughtily; then he added more gently, with intense sadness, "It will be better for her to suffer a little now than to bear the burden of a life long sorrow."

"I thought you would see that I was right, Mr. Beresford," said Sir George quietly. "I felt I was safe with you."

But, if the Baronet was safe with Dick and proof against the quiet pain on his dark face, he was not proof against his daughter's passionate remonstrances, tears, and prayers. It was by no means so easy to convince her, as it had been to make her lover believe, that a marriage between them was not expedient. She told Sir George simply that her whole heart was Dick's, and that nothing would alter her feelings.

Her father was greatly annoyed, and saw that some concession would be necessary to induce his daughter to return with him as he intended. His faith was large in time, and he felt that, if he could get Marjory to wait, his point was gained; so, in the evening he mooted the subject once.

"My little girl seems so bent on deserting her father as soon as she has found him," he said with a glance of tender reproach at the fair flushed face, "that I must give way to Mr. Beresford's apparently superior claim; but, if I act in a manner so contrary to my own wishes to please you, Daisy dear," he added, smiling, "you must make a concession to me."

And then he explained that he would consent to Marjory's return to Penfern when she had attained her twenty first year, if, during the two years which must intervene, she would agree to hold no communication with Dick.

"Not even write, papa?" said Marjory quickly, looking up.

"Oh, yes, an occasional letter if you will, if written in a friendly tone," answered Sir George. "Mr. Beresford, and you, Mr. Richard, will see the wisdom of such an arrangement; and, if Marjory's love be really enduring, it will be a long test, I think."

"I think the plan a very wise one," said Dick hastily. "And Marjy will see that it is so, I feel sure. I have only one condition to make," he added, going to Marjory's side. "Sir George, you will remember it if you please. Although I am bound to your daughter, she herself is perfectly free. I do not consider her under any engagement to me."

"Dick!" cried the girl; but his hand closed caressingly over hers, and his dark eyes looked down very tenderly and yet very sadly into her face.

"Hush, dear!" he said softly. "If at the end of the two years you wish to return to me—if you feel that Penfern will be sufficient for your happiness, Marjy—need I tell you what your reception will be? If, on the other hand"—he had to steady the grave rich tones here—"you find that is not so, that you have met some other man worthier of you whom you can love—it will not be difficult to find one, dear child—you know that you will have my warmest wishes for your happiness and his; and I shall not reproach you even in thought."

"You are giving me up, Dick!" the girl said, turning from him with passionate reproach.

"Am I, my darling?" he returned tenderly and sadly. "Am I, Marjy? And yet, while I have life, I shall have love for you."

"Mr. Beresford's affection is less selfish than yours, Daisy," said Sir George cordially. "If your love be worth a jot, it will bear such a test as that; and I will give you gladly to one so entirely worthy as he has proved himself to be."

And so it was settled; and Sir George gave Marjory one more day at Penfern to make her preparation and say her farewells; and Marjory with all the elasticity of youth, shook off her sorrow in the excitement.

"It is only as if I were going away on a visit, Dick," she said gaily, as they rode back together after a long chat with Mrs. Alford, who, ignorant of the state of things between Dick and Marjory, had been discoursing on the pleasures in store for her. "Two years in such a short time."

"Do you think Captain Lemaine will have forgotten his disappointment in two years' time, Marjy?"

"I had forgotten him," said the girl, with a start.

"So soon?" interrogated Dick, smiling sadly.

"Mrs. Alford said he was not very unhappy, Dick," she said deprecatingly. "His wound may not have been a very severe one after all. I hope it was not," she added, in an earnest voice, which atoned for the apparent heartlessness of the first part of her speech.

The next morning Marjory went away; and at the bitterness of the last farewells all her composure and forced gaiety gave way, and she broke down utterly and entirely.

"Good bye, my dear child," said Robert Beresford gently, with tears in his kind old eyes. "You will not forget us?"

He turned from the porch, putting the young girl into Dick's arms—Sir George had walked down to the carriage and stood there waiting.

"Good-bye," the girl said faintly. "You will not forget me!"

"Forget you, my darling!" and he strained her to his breast and pressed his lips passionately and repeatedly to the fair brow resting against him; and Marjory clung to him as if she could not loose the little clasping hands, and moaned faintly in her pain, which was, after all, but a shadow of his own.

He bent over her anxiously, feeling how heavily she leant against him, and seeing how deadly pale she was. He held her tenderly in his arms, kissing her lingeringly on her cheek, on her eyes, on her lips, and speaking softly and cheerfully, trying to soothe her; but she clung to him and moaned.

"Daisy, my child," Sir George said gently, coming back, "I am afraid we shall miss our train; and Doctor Meadows is waiting for you with a message from his wife."

"I am coming now, papa," she said faintly. "Dick, help me; I cannot—I cannot go!"

She disengaged herself, and tried to walk a few steps from him, then she staggered, a film came over her eyes, she gasped for breath, and, as Dick sprang to her assistance, Marjory fell forward into his arms.

"It is almost better so," said Dick huskily—it was an effort to force his lips to speak. "Ask Doctor Meadows to drive down to the station with you, Sir George."

"Let me carry her," said the Baronet gently. "You are completely unnerved, Mr. Beresford."

"I have strength enough for that," Dick returned almost fiercely. "She is mine still!"

He lifted her tenderly, looking down at the pale face lying on his shoulder, with his own eyes dim with tears; then he carried her to the carriage, and laid her softly back on the cushions.

"Take care of her!" he said hoarsely, as he turned away; and Doctor Meadows, used as he was to various phases of grief, thought that he had rarely seen such a concentrated expression of anguish as there was on Dick Beresford's face then.

The carriage drove away; and, instead of going back to the house, Dick went round to the stables.

"Saddle Tippoo for me, Braine," he said to one of the men who lounged there.

"Tippoo, sir?" questioned the man with a start, unable to help a remonstrance. "He has not been out for some days, sir; and last time he threw Jackson, you know, Mr. Richard."

"Saddle Tippoo!" said Dick again sternly; and, after some difficulty, a magnificent black horse was brought out, who required no little persuasion to allow his rider to mount him.

"Be careful, sir, for Heaven's sake!" ventured Braine; and Dick glanced down at him and smiled.

"It is all right, Braine," he said, as he rode away—only to return some hours later, horse and man exhausted by the hard work they had given each other; while Dick seemed to have regained his usual calm, quiet manner.

"'Richard's himself again,' father!" he said cheerily," as he entered the dining-room.

"That is well, Dick," responded the old man, who had been waiting anxiously for his return.

And so Marjory left the house she had entered sixteen years before, and went to London, to take her place as Sir George Barclay's daughter; and very soon the fame of her beauty and her strange romantic story—exaggerated and varied in all its details—caused her to take her place as an acknowledged belle; and Mrs. Alford, when she came down to Druroe, had many stories to tell of her popularity and the admiration she had won—stories at which Richard could not have guessed from the girl's letters, few and far between as they were, and more full of Penfern and its inmates than of herself and her doings. And thus eighteen months dragged their weary length away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

THE view sometimes expressed in pleasantry or otherwise, that marriage presents illusions to those who have not entered upon it, and that experience of it has rather a different influence with regard to repeating the experience, has lately been put to the test of statistical facts by a French author.

He inquired first into the nuptiality or chance of marriage of widowers. If they equal or exceed bachelors in their ardor for marriage, the conjugal state can hardly be maligned. It is necessary here to compare widowers and bachelors of the same ages. The writer, accordingly, constructs curves based on data from Holland (being the fullest obtainable.) It appears that of 1,000 men of 25 to 35 years of age, 110 or 112 marry each year. On the other hand the corresponding number for widowers is 356, or three times as many. At other ages the difference is still greater; widowers marry four times more than bachelors of the same age, and in the case of young men (21 and under) the numbers are 580 and four respectively. Diagrams for France, England, and Belgium give like results.

Next the author inquires into the nuptiality of divorced men. The facts of their bad experience of marriage, their liability to rejection of bad spouses, and sometimes their having children, would seem in favor of their continuing unmarried. The numbers show that while up to 26 years of age, divorced men marry less than bachelors of the same age, after 26 they exceed these considerably. They do not, indeed, attain to the readiness of the widowers until 40 when they actually marry more than widowers. (This applies to Holland and Switzerland, the only countries from which data were obtainable.) There is the possible explanation that some men get divorced from one wife to marry another. But a like explanation would hardly apply to many widowers, viz., that they procured the death of one wife for another.

The general conclusion is that marriage, far from causing regrets in men who contract it, creates habits, on the contrary, the deprivation of which is much felt. In the case of females, the author obtains similar results, though less decided. From 25 to 30 years of age, when Dutch girls marry most, widows are found to marry about twice as much, and a corresponding difference appears throughout similarly in Switzerland and in England. There are two exceptions to this rule, however. In the city of Berlin widows past 30 marry almost exactly in the same proportion as spinsters. And in France they marry a little less.

The state of young widowhood seems to press the same everywhere. Is the state of things in France then to be explained by saying that French husbands are wickeder than others? "I prefer to believe," he says "that they are, on the contrary, too good, and that they leave widows absolutely inconsolable." Divorced women give a curve pretty similar to that of divorced men. Up to about 30 years of age they marry considerably less than spinsters, but beyond that they show a greater disposition to marriage even than widows, and this difference continues to the end of life.

Count George Karolyi, a wealthy nobleman, who died the other day in Vienna, was a collector of meerschaum pipes. He left more than 250, valued at 85,000 florins.

THE PARTING HOUR.

BY E. P.

There is something in the parting hour
Will chill the warmest heart—
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part;
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those he left behind.

No matter what the journey be—
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep, or bleak frontier,
To solitude of war—
Still something cheers the heart that dares
In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubtings and with tears,
But does not Hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains
What comfort can she find
But this—the gone is happier
Than the one she leaves behind?

Have you a friend—a comrade dear?
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet concourse
At length will have an end!
And when you part—as part you will—
O take it not unkind;
He who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind.

God wills it so—and so it is;
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay.
And when at last, poor man, subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?

Such a Husband.

BY J. M. K.

BUT why did you pay so much for a shawl? It was sheer nonsense said my old friend, Captain Morton, "as he mixed his third glass of grog. "Why on earth did you pay so much money for a shawl, when you could buy one so much cheaper? One hundred and eighty dollars!"

"I will tell you, captain," said I; "but then you must acknowledge that the shawl is a beauty, if it did cost a small fortune to a poor man. Last year, when I came home with a cargo of tea from China, I left my ship in good hands, and hurried to my home where all my hopes and affections were invested in a wife and two children. My welcome was all I could have wished, and, oh, what bright days those were that followed my immediate arrival.

"On the third day my boxes were brought out. Now, the opening of a sailor's boxes is always a momentous affair to his family, and I had brought mine all the presents I could possibly procure for them. Two pieces of rich silk for dresses for my wife, beautiful Chinese table linen, carved chessmen, and so on. I saw a look of disappointment on my wife's face, but she said nothing and the matter passed off.

"My old friends came to see me—my wife gave me my favorite dishes—and the week so happily spent was gone before I knew it. Sunday morning came, bright and beautiful. To my surprise, my wife came to breakfast with rumpled hair, and looking decidedly cross. After awhile she declared she would not go to church, having nothing fit to wear. I thought it was very odd, but said nothing, having long since found out that arguing with a woman is about as effectual as dipping the ocean dry with a teaspoon.

"When Nellie my eldest and I got back, there stood my wife—her hair still uncombed, and ready to scold the child for muddying her shoes, her blue Chinese boots with the little bronze bird on one side of them. I interfered with a good deal of firmness, and we went to dinner. Nothing on the table was cooked decently; and so it was the next week. My coffee was thick and muddy, my meat done to a crust, and I well know the demon of mischief was about to be let loose, but why I could not guess.

"In the meanwhile, my wife's sister, who has been a kind of ship's cousin quartered upon me ever since my marriage, looked as demure as possible, and gave me no hint what it was all about. On the next Saturday afternoon, I was sitting with my wife and children when there came a knock at the door and in came first mate William Bendoin and his wife, she in all the splendor of a new rig. He had returned the week before me from Calcutta, and we were the only seafaring men of the place, and our wives were neighbors, and had always been professedly great friends.

"I was delighted to see them and thought at the time that my wife was very cool, though exceedingly polite. I soon forgot all about her manner, though, in the pleasure of talking over old times, they made a long, and, to me, very pleasant call.

"As soon as they had gone my wife went up to her room, and I saw her no more that evening, for when tea was ready she sent down word she had a headache, and wanted none. The next day things were no brighter than before, and when the church bell rang my wife burst into a flood of tears, and set off for her chamber. I followed her, and there she lay on the bed in regular hysterics.

When she came to herself a little, I asked, 'Why, what on earth is the matter?'

"She looked me full in the face, and said, 'If you don't know, Thomas you ought to!'

"By this time my wife was in another fit, worse than the first. I conjured all the recollections of my voyage—and they were not half so pleasant as I could have wished—but, finding I could not restore her, I ran down stairs to make some mulled wine. When I reached the kitchen, there was my wife's sister, with her demure face, which helped to irritate me still more. I called for wine and spices and, while I was heating it, she began. She wished to gracious her sister knew how to treat a husband as he deserved to be treated; that, if she was a wife, she would know how to prize a man who did everything a man could do to please her.

"I was in no humor to hear my wife abused, my conscience at the time making a kind of coward of me; so I burst out upon her in a rage, told her she was a snake in the grass, and I would rather have her sister than a thousand such as she; and if there was any trouble between Polly and me, why, I knew who to thank for it.

'She lifted up her eyes and hands, and said that all men were fools, but I was the greatest of them all.

"This brought on a spirited altercation, in which I spoke my mind pretty freely. As soon as the wine was heated I decantered it into a tumbler. My sister in law recommended hot vinegar, but I told her I would leave that for her.

'On my way up stairs, I thought I heard my wife's footsteps in her chamber; but when I entered she was lying on the bed, crying in a very sensible manner. I had no difficulty in persuading her to drink the wine. She caught hold of my hand, and kept sobbing. She did not deserve such a husband, I was too good for her, and she was not worth all the kindness I gave her.

"I felt encouraged; and, kissing her, again begged her to tell me what was the matter. At this she began crying and sobbing again, and said she could not tell me, for I would hate her, and she deserved to be hated, etc.

'The more she decried herself the more penitent I became; and, in fact, was on the point of making a clean breast of it, and asking her forgiveness; but luckily I had not, for in a little while she told me the terrible bugbear. First mate Bendoin had brought home to his wife a cashmere shawl, while I had only brought her a silk dress.

"'Is that all?' I cried, clasping her in my arms, and feeling intense relief; and then I told her how unkind it was to keep me in such suspense; and she laid her brown head on my breast, and begged to be forgiven.

"Now, every woman has her Napoleon Bonaparte, and my wife's was Mrs. William Bendoin, and the agonizing thought of being outshone by that lady at church had caused all this commotion, and, perhaps, had given me dyspepsia through eating tough bread. I explained to my domestic angel that cashmere shawls came from one part of the world, and silk from another—but that as soon as I possibly could her wish should be gratified.

"By dinner time the pretty face was as smiling as ever, and, to my astonishment, she spoke sharply to her sister—the first time I ever heard her do so.

"I had reason to believe afterwards that my wife hearing our loud voices had come to the top of the stairs and listened.

"For once in this world a listener heard good of herself, and it resulted in my sister-in-law's marrying herself off to a saddler, and leaving my house.

"The next week I had to go to the City on business, and I took my wife with me to have her China silk made up; I secretly resolved to buy a shawl that would outshine Mrs. Bendoin's, and the day after my arrival was lucky enough to find a scarlet colored satin bonnet, the exact shade of her handsomest dress, with a long, drooping plume that perfectly enraptured her. We remained in town five or six days; her dresses came home beautifully made, she said, and just suited her. I brought her all the little trumpery she wanted, and she was delighted with her visit.

"Two days before we started for home, I met my old friend Ligget, just from Calcutta, with four of the most beautiful shawls I ever saw. He allowed me to take my choice at cost price, which was ninety dollars while he modestly made out the receipt at one hundred and eighty. This I put safely away in my trunk when my wife was out.

"We reached home the last of the week, found the children well, and heard that the world-renowned Lumley would preach in our little hamlet the next Sabbath. I saw my wife's eyes dance at the intelligence; perhaps at the thought of her new dress and bonnet, her six button gloves (Mrs. Bendoin had never had any higher than five buttons); perhaps at the thought of the excellent discourse she was to hear—who knows?

"Sunday was a bright, frosty day, and my Polly really looked charming as she came down-stairs ready for church, in her rich silk and new bonnet. She had on a light cape.

"'My dear,' said I, 'don't you need something heavier round you?'

"'Oh, no; not to day, I think.'

"I stepped out of the room a moment, brought out my splendid present, and threw it over her shoulders. She looked at it in a dazed way for a moment, then threw herself into my arms, and burst into tears. I soon kissed them away, and we started for church.

"We walked up to the top of the broad aisle, and it would have done your heart good to hear her sweet, clear voice as she sang that day. When service was over, she had a kind word for everybody; especially was she anxious to hear of Mrs Bendoin's children; she lingered on the church steps for a good while to see that lady.

"I put the bill for the shawl where I knew Polly would find it, and while the men all voted me a fool, the women all said I was the best husband in the place; that I liked to see my wife look like somebody etc. Never had our little place been as dressy as it was that winter; and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was the cause of the other married men having to spend some money for drapery goods, and especially those whose wives and daughters attended the same church with my wife."

"But none of them had a one hundred and eighty dollar shawl—eh, Tom?' said the captain, slyly, as he drummed on the table with his empty glass.

"Not a bit of it! And remember captain, that mum's the word—mum's the word about the price of my wife's new shawl."

HORSESHOE SUPERSTITIONS.—The horse shoe was of old held to be of special service as a security against the attacks of evil spirits. The virtue may have been assigned, perhaps, by the rule of contraries, from it being a thing incompatible with the cloven foot of the Evil One; or from the rude resemblance with the horse-shoe bears to the rays of glory which in ancient pictures are made to surround the heads of saints and angels; or, finally, from some notions of its purity acquired through passing through the fire. This latter supposition receives some countenance from the method resorted to for the cure of horses that had become vicious, or afflicted by any distemper which village farriery did not understand; such disease was invariably attributed to witchcraft, and the mode of cure seems to imply the belief that the imperfect purification by fire of the shoes which the animal wore had afforded an inlet to malevolent influences. Accordingly, the horse was led into the smithy; the door was closed and barred; the shoes were taken off and placed in the fire, and the witch or warlock was speedily under the necessity of removing the spell under which the animal suffered. We have a farther proof that the efficacy of fire constituted a part of the virtues inherent in the horse-shoe, in the manner of reclaiming bewitched milk. All who have the management of a dairy know that at certain seasons of the year butter will not "come" from cream, nor milk be converted into curd, with the same ease as at others. The modern reasoners on the causes of things look upon this as being occasioned by the sort of food the cattle take; but all the farmers' wives of last century knew perfectly well that it was the effect of nothing else but some envious person's evil eye, and they took their measures accordingly. On the return of the milk maids from the milking with their milk pails upon their heads, when the foremost took down her vessel in order to pass under the doorway, the mistress was ready to drop a horse shoe heated red hot into the milk. It was necessary that the ceremony should be performed at the instant when the young woman was lowering the pail; and as it was further required that no one should be aware of the good dame's intention, the troop of milkmaids was often thrown into the utmost dismay by the sudden bubbling and hissing, and the screams of their companion more immediately concerned. The loss of the whole meal of milk was the usual consequence to say nothing of the work created for the cooper by the crash of the tumbling cogues; but these were matters of inferior importance, the future productiveness of the milk being an ample set-off against lesser mischances—and *that*, it need scarcely be added was invariably secured. A horse shoe was commonly nailed upon the doors of the cow house; but this was not at all times a sufficient protection, as in summer the cows were not driven home at night, but were milked afield, and shut up in an open enclosure. When people began to be half-ashamed of superstition, instead of nailing the horse shoe on the outside they fixed it to the inside of the doors both of the dwelling houses and farm offices, and in that situation it may at this day be detected in many parts of the country. Thus the devil, though not openly defied, might come to burn his fingers if he were to attempt an entrance. Sailors are for the most part, careful to have a horse shoe nailed to the mizen mast, or somewhere on the deck near midships, for the protection of the vessel. The Chinese have their tombs built in the shape of the horse shoe, which custom is very curious, as it may be fairly regarded as a branch of the superstition long prevalent among ourselves.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A BRIEF ROYAL LIFE:—Louis II of Hungary was crowned in the second year of his life, and ascended the throne in the third. In his fourteenth year he had a complete beard; in his fifteenth he married; in his eighteenth he grew gray; and at twenty he died, with all the appearances of an aged man.

A MATHEMATICAL CURIOSITY:—The year 1881 will be a mathematical curiosity. From left to right and from right to left it reads the same; 18 divided by 2 give 9 as a quotient; 81 divided by 9 and 9 is the quotient. If 1881 is divided by 209 9 is the quotient; if divided by 9 the quotient contains a 9; if multiplied by 9 the product contains two 9s. 1 and 8 are 9, and 8 and 1 are 9. If the 18 be placed under the 18 and added, the sum is 99. If the figures be added thus, 1 8 8 1 it will give 18. Reading from left to right is 18, and reading from right to left is 18 and 18 is two ninths of 81. By adding, dividing, and multiplying nineteen 9s are produced, being one 9 for each year required to complete the century.

PILLAR APOSTLES:—There may be two explanations given of the term. One is found in St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, in which he speaks of 'James, Cephas and John, who seem to be pillars." The other is a legend connected with the Church of St. Pietro in Carcere in Rome. This church, is said to be built over the prison where St. Peter and St. Paul were confined. A pillar is shown to which they are said to have been bound for nine months. A fountain which flows beneath the floor is attributed to the prayers of S. Peter that he might have wherewith to baptize his jailers. It is from this place the Roman Catholic Church believes that St. Peter and St. Paul addressed their farewells to the Christian world, and on the Fourth of July the scene of their imprisonment is visited at night by the religious confraternities, who prostrate themselves in silent devotion.

ANCIENT BATHS:—Some of these baths were for the indiscriminate service of old Romans, the Senators and the people and contained above sixteen hundred seats of marble. The walls of the lofty apartments were covered with curious mosaics. The Egyptian granite was beautifully incrusted with the precious green marble of Numidia; the perpetual stream of hot water was poured into the capacious basins through mouths of bright and glossy silver, and the meanest Roman could purchase with a small copper coin the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia. From these stately palaces issued a swarm of dirty and ragged plebeians, without shoes and without a mantle, who loitered away whole days in the street or Forum to hear news and to hold disputes and who spent the hours of the night in obscure taverns and brothels in the indulgence of gross sensuality.

CASTILE SOAPS:—The hard soaps made in this country are almost exclusively from animal fats. In the south of Europe, where the olive oil grows abundantly, the poorer kinds of olive oil are used. Common soaps are soda and animal fat; castile soap is soda and vegetable oil. In making castile soap, great care is taken to avoid an excess of alkali (the soda) only just enough being used to neutralize the oil. On this account the soap is much milder, and may be used on wounds and other surfaces where a common soap would irritate and give pain. The mottled appearance of castile soap is due to a small quantity of solution of copperas (sulphate of iron) which is stirred in it before it hardens; this leaves a bluish oxide of iron in the soap which, when exposed to the air, becomes changed to the red oxide. White castile soap is sold which is the same as the other, without the coloring. Though called castile, it is by no means exclusively made in Spain, the largest share coming from the south of France, and indeed it is generally known in Europe as Marseilles soap.

SUICIDE IN FRANCE;—A certain Petrus Borel once stupefied the legislators of King Louis Phillippe with a strange proposition. It was a petition tending to encourage suicides and proposing to "establish at Paris and in the chief town of each department a large works or machine moved by water or steam power in order to kill by a gentle and agreeable method people weary of life and desirous of committing suicide." In dry countries Petrus Borel suggested that windmills might be used. As suicide was as incurable as duelling he suggested that the Government should get a revenue out of it by taxing each person who desired to make an end of himself. This method the petitioner went on to show would answer all social requirements. (1) There would be no longer any bad smells. (2) Foot passengers would not run the risk of coming into contact with the pendant legs of a suspended corpse or to receive on their heads a desperate body precipitated from the fifth story. (3) Suicide, by becoming a common and industrial affair, would soon fall into desuetude. Notwithstanding these arguments however, Petrus and his ides did not gain a hearing.

FALLEN LEAVES.

BY ISA. A. PARKER.

In the gladsome Spring, on the trees
All budding, bright and green,
Flutter the leaves in the soft breeze,
But now they fall.

Through early shower and July heat,
And August squall or drought,
Until the storms of Autumn beat,
And then they fall.

Short is their race and quickly run
Ere they all strew the ground,
And then is all their life-work done,
When thus they fall?

Is there naught else in Nature's plan,
Bud, bloom, decay—then done—
Ends ever thus their little span—
To die and fall?

And "we all do fade as a leaf,"
High or low alike;
Life at the longest is but brief,
And then we fall.

Bud, blossom and ripened sheaf,
Wither and fade away;
Infant, maiden, and hoary chief,
Like leaves shall fall.

And what comes then? I cannot tell,
God only knows it all,
Somewhere that which is *pure* shall dwell,
Though all else fall.

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THERE is much indeed, said Vivian Devereux, "to tell and to hear. You know that from time to time I saw my cousin Saint Leon. He was in Madrid when I went to him. He met me as of old; he believed my word; and perhaps the great world of Madrid might have shared his faith; but my haughty spirit would not face even the possibility of scorn. I wandered from place to place, not even always in Spain; but I was at Cadiz when I heard that Saint Leon had left Madrid ill. He had been sent to Spain, partly on account of his health, which was never robust. I went to him; he was then at Ciudad Rodrigo. Poor Rafael!" He paused, and his lip quivered. "It was then he told me," he went on, "what I had suspected before, that he had no wish for life; the woman he loved had been faithless to him, and he was neither mentally nor physically fitted to recover from such a blow. Still he rallied after a time—so much that I was able to leave him, for he was with friends. But before he could return to Madrid he was again attacked, and then, as a last hope, he sought the sea air. He went to a little fishing village on the Andalusian coast, and from there wrote to me. I found him so ill that I knew the end could not be far off, and he did not seek to divert it. He sought death rather than dreaded it. He would have no hireling aid—Alphonse and I were his only nurses. There seemed to be no special illness, still, a fortnight before he died, he was seized with a malignant fever, and he had no strength then to battle against it. It was his lips, Vera, that suggested the assumption of his identity. He pointed out how all things seemed to work together for that end. I should not even wrong those who might have been his heirs, for all that he had power to leave he had left to me. Who could divine the truth? The very priest who administered the last sacraments need not know to whom he came to minister. Let Vivian Devereux die; let Rafael de Saint Leon live. I knew those he knew; I knew all the circumstances of his life; we were both strangers in an obscure village. What should hinder me? Yet, Vera, it seemed a cruel wrong to the noble dead to lay him to rest under a feigned name, neither his nor mine—far from his kin. No stone marks the spot; but I have marked it; and, if ever this cloud is rolled away, if ever I dare stand before the world in my own name, or—nay, sweet one, let me say it—I must look at that alternative"—his voice trembled now, and he drew her yet closer to him—"if the mask is, not dropped, but torn from me, and I am made a prisoner once more, I give you the solemn charge to carry out, to remove Rafael de Rohan from his nameless grave and lay him in the chapel at Chandos Royal. He was to me what my father's son never was—a brother."

There was silence for a little time. No need for verbal promise. Was not Vivian's lightest wish, spoken or divined, a sacred trust? Then Vivian roused himself, and went on—

"Men have for years assumed an identity facing greater chances of discovery than I had to meet. I had no fear of myself. Duke used to tell me that I was more a foreigner than an Englishman; and my very thoughts more often run in French and Italian and German than in English. Nay, I had to watch my tongue in German, for Saint Leon did not speak it perfectly! But his Castilian was as pure as my own. I went to Madrid, and was received everywhere as Saint Leon. From there I returned to Vienna; and again success was with me. I did not bring Alphonse; it was not well that the world should suppose I had been so much with my cousin as would be implied by taking his servant as my own attendant. Alphonse is now *perdu* at Cadiz till he hears from me. Paris was my last test. Saint Leon was not much known there; but you know how well the Parisian world was acquainted with Vivian Devereux—far more intimately than the world of London. The Legitimists received me with open arms; and, while I purposely courted all possibility of discovery, no suspicion of my identity was ever apparent. I met men and women who sought my acquaintance because they had known my cousin so well; and, *mon cœur*, most of these were still proud to have called Vivian Devereux '*mon ami*.' The general belief in Parisian society is in my favor. Even in London, it seems, there are more that acquit than condemn me."

"Ay," said Vera, with kindling eyes, "even though you refused to face a trial, it is said on all sides that the heavy evidence against you was good reason for flight—that your demeanor when the news of Duke's death was brought to you, and at the inquest, and your word, clear you. It was only the other day, Vivian, that Lord Sydney Tollemache, your political opponent, said to me, 'I have never believed Chandos Devereux guilty; if he had been, he would not have denied it.'"

Vivian's cheeks flushed, his lips quivered. "One day," he said steadily, "I may be able to think him and others, who, against so much that might well stagger those who know me best, still hold me free from blood; and it touches me most of all, Vera, that they believe my word."

He was silent for a moment; then he went on.

"I thought it would be best, *mon cœur*—but in this I bow to you—that Alphonse should come to London in about a fortnight from hence, and bring to you the news of Vivian Devereux's death. The tale would be this—that Devereux died at an obscure village in Spain, and was buried quietly at night—but that no stone marks his grave, and Alphonse could not now point it out. All this is true, save that Alphonse, in fact, as well as myself, knows the spot where Saint Leon is laid; but the Court of Chancery, when my heir applies to have Sir Vivian Devereux declared dead, would not be able to entertain such evidence of death, while society in general will credit it. On you it will enforce temporary retirement from the world—yet only till the winter. As for my heir, he is an old *malade imaginaire* living in the South of France, and I do not suppose will be very urgent with his claim, which we should both of course resist. What say you, sweetheart?"

"Let it be as you have planned, Vivian."

Vivian smiled a little. "Docile as of old, my strong willed love. Where shall you go—not abroad, Vera?"

"No," she answered, "I shall go to Temple Rest, and you will visit Chandos Royal and Rousemont?"

"As trustee, I must do so. Vera, it will be a bitter, bitter trial; yet it must be gone through; but at last I shall be able to see you. Tell me, Vera, something of those I knew two years ago. Doctor Coryn—how is he?"

"Well. Vivian—worshipped by his people, and still keeping his faith in you. I rarely see him, but I hear so much of him, and sometimes he writes to me. He grieves for you as if he had known you all your life."

"Heaven reward him!" said Devereux, almost in a whisper." Vera darling, it will be hard indeed to meet him as a stranger! Nay, forgive me!"—for he felt the trembling that went through her; but she interrupted him passionately—

"Speak to me as you would speak to your own heart, Vivian. If you are silent, do not I know what you feel? I would share all things that touch you."

There was such a strange fear in her eyes, she clung so wildly to him, as if some unseen power were seeking to sever him from her, that Vivian held her to him as a mother would clasp a frightened child, who, awakened suddenly from a ghastly dream, clings to her, still peopling the air with the phantoms of her vision. Was there some shadow on Vera's life of which even he, who loved her with such utter devotion, was ignorant? He would not put that troubled thought into words now, for she grew calm again, and the look of fear passed out of her eyes, charmed away by his touch and voice; yet it linked itself with some episodes of the previous night, and the face of Adeline Gresham-Faulkner rose before him as if she had been the personification of that thought. It was not however of her that he spoke next, but of faithful Aileen; was she in London?

"No," Vera said; "she is at Temple Rest."

"At Temple Rest! How does she bear the separation from you, *mon cœur*? Is it necessary?"

"Some one must be there, when I am absent, whom I can thoroughly trust," said the girl quietly.

Why was it so great an effort not to shrink from him now, to whom, a few seconds before, she had clung almost convulsively? Vivian was silent for a moment.

"Would it be well," he said at length thoughtfully, "for Aileen to know the truth?"

"I think it would be well, Vivian. She is not likely to see you in situations in which any lack of a power to dissimulate in her could betray you. Besides, she is wonderfully quick and clever and I think would be likely to divine the truth."

"Whom you can trust, Vera, I can trust. And tell me of little Maggie Tredegar. Poor lassie, she was staunch and true; she would not believe 'dear Mr. Vivian' guilty, though all of the world was against him."

"She lives with her father, Vivian, and is her old self; only I think she is more grave and steady. She is sometimes at Temple Rest, and often at the lodge, for her cousin keeps it now. She always speaks of you, when I see her, with such unvarying and intense gratitude, and says she hopes to be able one day to see you."

"Perhaps her wish may be fulfilled," said Vivian, uttering a random thought as he recalled the girl's parting words in the lane on that summer night, which he had then perhaps set down to a mere sentiment of evanescent gratitude. If so, he had evidently misjudged Maggie Tredegar.

"So," he added, after a pause, "Percy Everest has obeyed my warning, and guarded his tongue. He has done well. And he is in society, and received in your circle. How is this? And you, it seems, do more than tolerate him."

The moment she had so dreaded was come; she was face to face with the lie that must be uttered. He did not see the livid pallor of her face, for she bent her head; but he felt the throbs of her labored breathing in the moment before she answered him, very low, yet with a voice that hardly faltered.

"Yes, I know him, but not intimately. Bear with me. I cannot act as I would; he is a friend of Mrs. Gresham Faulkner's. I do not know where he met her, or how; but he is a friend—nothing more; and to her I am bound by ties of gratitude that I cannot shake off. I do not like her; she calls herself my friend; she is not; but can I cast off, can I refuse to lend countenance to the woman who saved my mother's life?"

"Is this her claim on you, Vera?"

"It is. I met her abroad. She came to me, and not only proclaimed herself, but proved herself, to be one of whom my father had often spoken as having saved my mother's life. They were at the same hotel; it took fire and this woman nearly lost her life in saving my mother's. Since then she married; my mother died; my father lost sight of Adeline Bernard. The man she married was a gambler; but he died before he had wasted his fortune, and left her well off. She is gently-born; but she could not get into the society she sought. It was in Paris, and she, being there at the time, heard of me, and came to me, claiming the payment of the debt owed her. It was not noble in her, but could I resist that claim? Like thousands of others, she wants to make a good marriage. If she is an adventuress, so are many who wear coronets and quarter the arms of historical houses—Everest——"

She paused; she dared not look into Vivian's face. Why was he so silent? It made her cruel task harder—so much harder. Did he doubt her? Ah, surely no; how could he believe she would lie to him? Was he then wounded, pained, that she should be in a manner forced to lend the countenance of her name and prestige to a woman who had evidently impressed him most unfavorably? She could not tell; there was a kind of bewilderment in her mind just now. She pressed her hand to her forehead, and whispered—

"You do not speak, Vivian—you do not—think that—that I am wrong?"

He stopped and pressed his lips to her brow. How that kiss pierced her heart like a two edged sword! How that silent assurance of perfect faith and love that could not condemn wrung her heart well nigh to breaking! Yet she nerved herself once more—"for his sake."

"Vivian," she went on, with an effort that could not, that did not escape him, but there was ample reason for it, consistent with the story, "forgive me, but it must be said. Everest is not only Mrs. Gresham Faulkner's friend—but he is your enemy. Stay!" She lifted herself as he started, and her light touch on his lips checked the passionate words. "It would be madness to defy the power he might acquire; it is agony to know it, but we cannot struggle now with open weapons, hand in hand. What is it to me to tolerate even the professed friendship of a man like Everest, in comparison to your safety? Dear Vivian bear me still. If he should at any time suspect your identity, what should hinder him from betraying you if I had driven him from society. You have recognised that necessity in assuming ignorance of having heard of him from Vivian Devereux?"

"I have," said Devereux, in a suppressed voice; "but that you should stop even to tolerate his presence, Vera, is torture! Friendship! The very word is profaned in such connection. And is it only this? Answer me, Vera."

He spoke sternly now, putting her from him, and looking into her face with eyes that seemed to read her very soul and dare the lie that, all prepared as she was for the question, for the very manner in which it was put, had nearly died on her lips. But she was strung to the highest tension now; even a moment's hesitation would have been fatal; it was the last cast of the die, and to fail now would be to lose all. She did not try to rise; the pressure of Vivian's hand on her shoulder, light though it was, warned her not to attempt even this apparent effort to gain time. She faced him without flinching, and answered without a pause—

"At present, at least, he dare not advance beyond the line I have drawn. Why should he ever attempt it? Why should he suppose that I feared him so much as to sacrifice pride and dignity to him?"

"Why should he? Why, in the knowledge that you have any reason for suffering his society, should he not?" Then his face changed; he drew her to him again. "My life," he said—and his voice trembled with passionate emotion—"you know that this is to me as if I stood bound hand and foot, compelled to see you on the rack."

"I know it," she said; "but, oh, Vivian, for your sake I would bow my head to the very dust! Remember the alternative—a thousand times worse to me than any sacrifice short of honor—try to think calmly of even——"

"No," interrupted Vivian—and the man's fierce passions burned in his eyes and quivered on his white lips, in every nerve—"not that. As there is a Heaven above, not that! I tremble before the demon which the very thought rouses within me. I could better endure eternal exile from you than buy safety at such a cost. Vera, my life"—what wonderful tenderness for her shone like sunshine across the tempest to which his love for her gave such overmastering strength!—"even you must not ask too much of me!"

She shrank, and cowered, and hid her face, and her heart fainted within her. She knew it would be—must be so; and did not her own spirit go out to meet the noble jealousy for the honor of a betrothed wife which could not suffer her to endure insult for his sake, which could not stand by silent and see her stoop to listen to vows that were a degredation to her womanhood? Would he not have been more dear to her if he could have, even for a moment, lent himself to the proposition of temporising with Everest to the full length of seeming to receive him, or, at least, not to utterly reject him as a wooer? A colder or more equable temperament might indeed have paused to consider; but in Vivian Devereux's veins burned the hot blood of the South, and Vera's own nature, clasping hands with his, could place herself in his identity and know that she would feel and speak as he did—if less impetuously, not less irrevocably; for, though stern suffering had aided an iron will in bringing under control that fiery spirit which had cost him so dear, it was not subdued, but held only in check, ready to blaze forth when occasion should tempt too strongly.

The girl could not speak. The anguish and terror of the picture that rose before her froze the words on her tongue; nor could Vivian for some moments regain even outward composure. Such men are shaken to the centre by emotions that pass comparatively lightly over most natures. Yet he it was who first broke the silence.

"Let it pass, my dear," he said softly. "There are some things it were best not to speak of—not to think of."

He laid his hand on her lowered head. She shivered, and lifted her hueless face.

"Yes; let it pass," she whispered, and her eyes drooped, her head sank once more. She could not meet his look.

If, but for one flash of time, too brief for record, the veil had been only partially lifted; if he had seen that face that rested on his breast turned to Percy Everest with the glance that had made him recoil—even in the plenitude of his insolent power—would the hand that was free from blood be spotless still? But to know that the sword was ever over her head—that she writhed daily under the lash of taunts she dared not resent, of looks and tones she dared not spurn—what would this knowledge be to Vivian Devereux, and how could she keep it from him? She could not think now; her brain was confused and dizzy. Even the awful sense of standing near a precipice, with a black bottomless gulf below, was vague, though fearfully real; but Vivian's love was here—nothing would alter that; even if they must be parted when he knew all—when the darkness closed in upon her, and she would be alone, utterly alone, in that "dreary waste" to which her "weird haunting eyes" were ever looking—without his voice to whisper comfort, his hand to clasp hers—he would love her still. It was a love all-embracing, all-pardoning; and she had never clung to it with more passionate clinging than now, when it seemed as if her fate were narrowing to a point, and the moment of eternal separation were imminent. Bitter was the anguish of knowing that she had deceived him—though every caress, every tone of his voice, every look, was a reproach that it seemed almost impossible to bear—yet she trembled in "boding fear" as the inevitable time of parting—only temporary parting—drew near.

"I shall see you again soon—very soon?" she said pleadingly, with those great dark eyes so full of pain.

"Surely, my heart. Could I be long absent from you, even though we meet as comparative strangers after two cruel years of longing and waiting? At times it seemed as if I must risk all, and try to see you, if it were only to look on your face; but the thought, I knew, was madness, even when it possessed me most strongly."

"Madness indeed, Vivian; the 'fatal gift of beauty' puts thorough disguise beyond your power. You could not hope to escape recognition."

"I could wish," said Devereux, "that nature had endowed me less richly. Can I be grateful for a gift that has kept me so long from you?"

"I would not have it otherwise," said the girl, lifting her own beautiful face to meet his farewell kiss. "I cannot think of you—I cannot wish to think of you—as different from the Vivian Devereux I loved, marked out, even in the outward beauty that charms the eye, from other men."

"Ah, *mon cœur*"—he spoke with the old bright smile, only more deeply tinged now with sadness—"can I reproach you for hero-worship, for verily you might retort, 'Physician, heal thyself?'"

Vera's features, her whole manner, changed suddenly.

"No, no," she said hurriedly, "do not speak so, Vivian; the idol may turn to clay."

"When it does," returned Vivian quietly, "I will believe that the heart I won in happier days was false from the beginning; that the lips I kissed would have betrayed me even then; that the tears wept in these arms in that prison cell were but a mockery. Why tempt me? Why try me? Were the words I spoke to you on that summer evening, so often lived through again, only the utterance of a passing passion? 'I have given my whole heart—my whole life of love—into your keeping, and I cannot take it back; even your own hand could not crush it, for you could not make me believe the heart was false!'"

Had those noble words ever ceased to wring in her ears? Then they had brought the ineffable comfort of assurance that lulled to rest a dim and nameless presentiment; now they thrilled her with the terrible knowledge of a force to be met—a force that could not be conquered in a stern conflict that lay before them both in the immediate future—a conflict in which that sublime faith should be to her at once the very sanctuary of her love and her bitterest, most powerful foe.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I GO to-morrow to Mr. Santon's studio, to see the new picture, of which he wants my opinion. Drop in—by chance, you know—so as to escort me home. I shall drive over, but walk back with you. I must speak to you."

So Vera Calderon wrote to Percy Everest; and, when she had despatched the letter, she rose and stood perfectly motionless, one hand pressed tightly to her heart, the other hanging down. Her features might have been wrought in marble, but for the fever in her eyes.

"It must come soon," she said inwardly. "Will he choose the alternative I shall offer? Yes; it will be for him the best vengeance, and the safest. And Vivian—will he believe me then? Oh, is my heart so weak that it can leap within me at the knowledge that, even in such a cruel trial, he will be true to his words—that my own lips could not persuade him that his idol had turned to clay? Weak! Is it weakness? How can I wish his love less perfect—his faith more vulnerable?"

She sank down upon her knees by the table, covering her face. Then Alba, the bloodhound, who had been watching her with wistful eyes, rose up and came to her, whining softly, and rubbing his rough head against her velvet cheek, and licking her hands. How often before had he been the only witness of her grief and despair! She turned, and put her arms about his neck, caressing him fondly while her tears fell fast and her voice was choked by sobs.

"Faithful Alba," she whispered, "you will see Vivian, whom you love even better than you love me. You will know him again, Alba," she went on, talking to him as those do who love dogs and know how much more they understand than is often supposed; "and he did not forget you; but you were in the park this morning. Vivian will come again to-morrow, Alba, and you shall see him. Do you understand me, Alba?"

It almost seemed that the animal did, at least, partially understand her. Each time that she mentioned the name of Vivian he laid back his ears, looked earnestly into her face, and licked her hands frantically; and even of her other words there must have been some comprehension, for at her question he ran to the door, and pushed his nose against it with an impatient whine, and then looked back at her with that intensely questioning expression that gives to a dog's face an actually human intelligence.

"Not yet," said Vera half sadly—"to-morrow, Alba."

The animal knew every inflection of her voice. His ears dropped; he came back to her, with disappointment plainly depicted on his face, but rubbed his head against her again, as if to assure her that he was not ungrateful to her.

"Who," said the girl, caressing the noble creature so dearly loved, "among all those who revolve around the sun in its glory, would remember the light when the clouds come and the rain descends? Who, if I were sick or in prison, would visit me? Who so faithful a friend as thou, Alba? Not one."

She sighed heavily, and rose to her feet as a hand was laid on the door. It opened, and gave admittance to a stately middle-aged lady, a French-woman, as a glance would have shown. Vera turned to her with perfect self-possession.

"*Chere madame*," said she, "are you come to scold me for lingering here with Alba, instead of going to dress for Lady Kynaston's?"

"I did not come to scold you, *chere*; but is it not time?"

"I shall go late, and stay only for an hour," Vera answered. "There is more sense and sympathy in Alba than in half the people I shall meet to-night. I will not drag you there, *chere madame*. Lady Constance will go with me. I will take her up on the way."

She went wearily to be dressed in satin and lace and jewels, and shone for an hour in Lady Kynaston's *salon*, where she had congratulated Vivian Devereux on his maiden speech, and where every one now was talking of Count Saint Leon; and Westminster's great bell was booming out the first hour of the morning when she reached home, to find a letter from Everest. He should not be able to go to Mr. Santon's studio; he would call at Carlton house Terrace in the morning. Vera crushed the letter in her hand, and the blood spread hotly over her colorless face.

"I could find it in me," she said, "to refuse him when he calls, since he dares to name time and place, as though he were master. Great Heaven, when will the hour of reckoning come?"

Yet, when, about twelve o'clock, Mr. Everest was announced, Vera threw aside the book she was reading, or seemed to be reading, and went to the drawing-room. Everest came towards her, holding out his hand, and seeking in a face always unrevealing for some clue to her note.

"I wish I could have complied with your request," he said; "but I have another engagement this afternoon, so I thought I might call instead."

"It matters little," returned the girl coldly, while she remained standing, evidently intending him to understand that the interview was to be brief. "What I have to say can be said quickly. It is not to entreat, but to command, forbearance."

"Command! You use strange language, Vera."

"Do I? I never speak at random, as you well know. Hear me. Vivian Devereux is reported dead. Whatever I may think or fear, I do not, as yet, to the world, fully credit that report. Yet it must seem to many that I cannot treat it as an absolutely baseless rumor. To-day I saw M. de Saint Leon in this house. I naturally asked him what he thought. He, like me, was in doubt; but he told me frankly that the rumor was not unlikely to prove well founded. He is Vivian Devereux's first cousin, and loved him well. He is my co-trustee. I must of necessity see much of him. I cannot suffer him to receive the impression that before the man who would have been my husband is cold in his grave—the grave of an exile—I am listening to other vows. Nay, more, I cannot give society cause to whisper that Percy Everest aspires to be more than a friend to Vera Calderon."

Everest folded his arms, and looked at her for a moment in silence.

"I understand," he then said—"the price of ultimate victory is to be present submission. The chain that binds you must not be visible to the society that adores you and follows your lead. The *beau monde* must not be prepared for the scandal that will astonish it before another six months are passed."

She gave another meaning to cruel words, and clenched her right hand convulsively under the fold of her robe; but she only answered—

"You can afford to yield something in the present. Take care that you heed my injunction, especially in Count Saint Leon's presence."

"What are Saint Leon and his opinions to you or to me?" demanded Everest, flushing scarlet.

The girl turned upon him almost fiercely.

"To you, nothing," she replied—"to me, much. When the scandal, as you rightly call it, startles the world in which I move, I shall have given up my trusteeship of the estates of Chandos Devereux, and M. de Saint Leon and myself will be as strangers to each other. Till then, is it a small thing that I should seem false to every instinct of womanhood, of faith, of honor? What have you to gain, except the tiger's pleasure of inflicting torture, by giving the world a right to pour scorn on any name?"

"Vera," said Everest, half recoiling, yet turning white with anger, "you have warned me not to try you too far; beware how you yourself commit that error and try me too far."

"You will choose revenge," remarked Vera Calderon, with undisguised contempt, "when nothing else is left you. Now let this interview close. I never have time to waste, and to-day is no exception to the rule."

Everest turned to the door, then paused, and looked back with a bitter sneer.

"Use your liberty while you have it," he said; "it will not be for long."

"No, not for long," she cried, clasping her hands above her head as the door closed on him—"not for long! But the key that locks me out from freedom will be none of your forging, Percy Everest. Fool, to believe that I would not sooner take with my own hand this wretched life—sooner face an eternity of woe—than an earthly future with you!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEN "M. de Saint Leon" presented himself in Carlton-house Terrace, he was informed that Miss Calderon had been unexpectedly called out for an hour or two; she was expected home very shortly, and he was shown to the drawing-room to wait for her.

His own house this had been once, and he had lent it one season to a college friend, and once had given a dinner-party to Lord Cascelles, when he took his degree, in the great dining-room below. He shrugged his shoulders, for circumstances were hardly likely to have subdued the old sarcastic spirit, and walked round the room, looking at the pictures and statutes that adorned it. Suddenly he paused before a picture by Ansdell, and his lip quivered: the tears rose to his eyes. It was the portrait of a splendid Cuban bloodhound.

"Faithful friend in many a peril," he said inwardly, "how I long to see you, my noble Alba!"

He turned with a start at a slight sound in the direction of the door; and there stood the original of the picture, his tail waving slowly to and fro, his head on one side, his whole mien and look wistful and questioning.

Vivian advanced a step.

"Alba," he said softly, with beating heart—"dear old Alba!"

The familiar voice and language were enough. With a bound of frantic joy the noble dog sprang forward; there could be no doubt of his recognition, not of his original master. Saint Leon, who had given him away as a puppy of three months, but of Vivian Devereux. Poor Alba was fairly beside himself; he was mad with joy; he licked the hands, the face, the feet, of his master; he crouched down, looking up at him with such loving eyes as surely needed no eloquent tongue to help out their dumb language of devotion; and then he laid his great honest head against his master's breast, and whined and whinnied, trembling with joy under the soft caress of his master's hand, and hardly refraining from fresh transports when the tender musical voice spoke to him. At length he settled down into a state of more tranquil, though not less intense, delight, and, fairly exhausted with excitement, sat with his head on Vivian's knee, perfectly happy. There was no shadow on his canine mind; the master he had never ceased to miss was found again, and Alba, happy creature, revelled in the present, and recked not of the future.

"It was well, my Alba," said Vivian, who had been too deeply moved to speak much, "that no one was by to witness your too evident recognition of your old master. I fear you would have betrayed me. Henceforth it will be enough to make you a little older when M. de Saint Leon parted with you; but that stretch of the long bow would hardly have accounted for such joy as you showed just now."

It was well indeed that Alba—who, in truth, had been shut in the breakfast-room by Vera when she went out, but had effected his escape on the entrance of a servant, who was not aware that he was to be kept in "durance vile"—had not entered the drawing-room five minutes later; for, as Vivian spoke, a carriage stopped without, and from it there stepped Mrs. Gresham Faulkner, in the "last thing" in driving costumes.

"Out, but expected shortly," she said, repeating the information vouchsafed by the footman who answered her inquiries for the mistress of the house. "Well, I will wait for her. Is there any one in the drawing-room?"

"M. de Saint Leon, madam."

"Ah, I know him! I will wait for Miss Calderon then."

And, well pleased to meet again the handsome and brilliant ex *attaché* who was already the "fashion," the lady fluttered upstairs. It was true Saint Leon had administered to her a decided though most courtly rebuff at Lady Landport's ball; but Mrs. Gresham Faulkner was not easily abashed. If she did not choose to take a hint, she could be as blunt to rebuffs as a Lowland Scotchman.

As the footman flung open the drawing-room door, the Count rose from the sofa, and advanced to greet the new-comer.

"Ah, M. le Comte," cried she, "so I find you making friends with Miss Calderon's friends; and, by the way, one of your own, is he not? Dear creature!"—flipping her lemon-kid over Alba's head. She detested dogs, but would have called a toad a "dear creature" if she had any motive for the expression of affectionate interest.

"An old friend of my own," the Count returned, smiling a little. "And he knew me too, though he was only about six or eight months old when I parted with him."

"Dear me! But dogs have such tenacious memories. Do you not think it likely, though," she added, seating herself on the sofa, and moving her flowing train to intimate that there was room for the Count beside her, "that the animal may have mistaken you for your cousin?"

"At first," said Devereux coolly, taking the vacant place and stroking Alba's head, which was instantly laid on his knee again, "he might have been puzzled; I think he was. But a dog would not long remain under such an error; he knew the difference of voice directly."

"Yet there is a ring in your voice like Sir Vivian's," said the widow, fanning herself, adding hastily, "How hot this room is! But of course you do not feel it?"

She certainly had flushed; Vivian answered quietly—

"The room seems to be pleasantly cool, madame. You knew my cousin then?"

"Oh, no—not to speak to! I never met him; but I heard him speak once. It was outside a theatre in Paris—I forget which theatre, and it was a voice to remember, you know, such a peculiarly musical penetrating tone. You must have noticed it yourself."

"I used to tell him so," said Vivian, with a half sigh. How often, in his weary illness, had Rafael Saint Leon whispered, "Your voice always soothes me, Vivian; it is so full of music." The half sigh fulfilled its purpose; it seemed to encourage the widow to do just what he wanted her to do—to talk about Vivian Devereux; and she fell into the trap.

"It was a terrible fate," she said sympathetically. "May I ask, do you think it is true—this rumor?"

"Madame, I have tried to ascertain the truth. At present, I know no more than the newspapers have already published. I fear that it may be true; I hope that it is not."

"Hope? Well, in one way, one must hope; and you, I suppose—pardon me—share Miss Calderon's opinion—that he is not guilty of the crime laid to his charge?"

"I have never believed him guilty, madame."

"Perhaps," said the widow, "you knew little of the cause which might have led up to such a crime. It is true that the reports of the inquest disclosed the enmity existing between him and his brother; but that enmity dated from Vivian's childhood—and, though I, for one, do not believe that Sir Marmaduke Devereux was a saint, it was notorious that Vivian was not—in fact, his father well-nigh banished him the house."

"I have not seen much of my cousin," remarked the Count, still caressing Alba; "but it always seemed to me that he was more sinned against than sinning."

"He charmed every one into thinking so," said the widow; "and society says on all sides now that Vivian Devereux was not the profligate he was thought to be. It is perhaps—moralists say so—an admirable trait in human nature that misfortune inclines it to condone a man's feelings."

This speech, and the manner in which it was uttered, implied that the speaker's own opinin of Vivian Devereux remained unchanged."

"An aimable weakness," observed Saint Leon, glancing under his long lashes at the widow's face; "but, after all, neither fortune nor death can alter truth. A stern sense of justice forbids such condonation. We may be mistaken in our judgment of a man; we may abstain from openly condemning him; but adverse fate cannot whitewash wrong-doing, if wrong-doing there has been."

Again the widow fell into the trap.

"I am glad to hear you say so, M. de Saint Leon, though you are Sir Vivian's cousin, and do not believe him guilty of the death of his brother. I have blamed myself because, though, for my dear friend's sake—Miss Calderon, I mean—I would fain believe as she does, I cannot persuade myself to cast aside the weight of direct and collateral evidence against Sir Vivian in favor of his bare word (when his motive for denial was so strong), and his demeanor and subsequent conduct when told of the crime. You will forgive me, I know"—lightly laying her delicately-gloved hand upon his arm.

"Madame—pardon—I can have nothing to forgive; a public man—be he statesman or criminal, real or supposed—is public property. I am not unbiased in this matter—you share the opinion of thousands."

"Totally unbiased," she replied, "or rather—as I said just now—I should naturally incline, for Vera's—Miss Calderon's—sake, to think the best of Mr. Devereux; I can have no possible reason to dislike him, for I never saw him, except on the occasion I mentioned to you; and I never saw his brother at all."

"Of course," said Devereux, upon whose keen and subtle mind the widow's last words had produced an opposite impression to that intended—for why so earnestly affirm a fact which was not directly or by implication questioned?—"if you never knew the Chandos-Devereux personally or collaterally, you can have no reason to dislike them.

You never saw the elder brother? I am sorry; my cousin hardly spoke of him when I saw him I should like to have heard what you thought of him"—there was a slight stress on the pronoun which helped the glance of the brilliant dark eyes to point the delicate flattery.

The woman's cheeks flushed under the *soupcon* of rouge. A woman of stronger mind than Adeline Gresham Faulkner might have felt flattered at such a tribute to her discernment from a man like Rafael de Saint Leon, paid after so short an acquaintance.

"You do my penetration more credit, Monsieur," she said, looking down and playing with her fan, "than the conceit you men always charge upon us poor women claims for it. If I had known Sir Marmaduke Devereux, what would my opinion be worth?"

"Ah, madame," said the Count softly, "you are so modest that I shall seem too bold in asking you to believe that, though this is only the second time I have had the honor of meeting you, I made no mistake in my estimate of your powers of discernment!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Her Mistake.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

CLARICE moved cheerily about the room, and to George Clyde she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He sat by the window smoking a cigar and watching her graceful movements.

His handsome blue eyes grew warm and eager as they followed the girl from place to place; and then when she sat down a moment at the open piano and struck half a dozen preliminary chords, he flung away his cigar, and went in through the window to meet her luminous eyes as he stopped beside the instrument.

"Don't stop, Miss Humphrey; you always stop as soon as I come in."

"Do I really? You know your sister in-law, Mrs. Clyde, would be very much displeased to hear me sing for anybody."

"And if my august sister-in-law should be guilty of such poor taste—what then?"

"What then? She would gratefully give me my discharge, Mr Clyde. Remember I am only a hired servant here."

"Would she? Would she, really? Then sing to me, Miss Humphrey, so I can take you myself."

Clarice laughed.

"How generous you are! And I never had such a delightful position as here at Woodlands. Please do not forget I am not independent, like Miss Dunbar. I am not that fortunate lady, remember."

"It is not at all likely that I shall forget you are not Miss Dunbar," he said eagerly. "You are something far more enchanting and beautiful than she or any other mortal woman."

He was looking straight in her face, watching the little flush that so seldom disturbed its pale fairness.

Even now she took no notice, apparently, of his intenseness.

"Well, Miss Dunbar is the most favored woman I ever saw. She is rich, and her own mistress, and that is enough, I am sure," she added, lightly.

"Is it enough, Clarice? Would riches and independence be all the good of the gods you would ask?"

A quick little light flashed up in her eyes at his words, and then her lids drooped swiftly, letting the long thick lashes lie on her cheeks like a shadow.

"It would not be enough, Clarice—I know that? With such a woman as you, love should be lord of all—such love as I ——"

A mischievous little face suddenly thrust itself between the lace curtains.

"Please, Uncle George, mamma says will you come up to her room. Miss Dunbar is there, and they want you."

For a moment he halted irresolute, then shrugged his shoulders, and went out.

Miss Humphrey stood several minutes where he had left her, a grave, thoughtful look coming into her eyes—a compressed, almost merciless expression gathering on her firmly closed lips.

Then she heard voices from some one descending the stairs, and then Dora Dunbar came down, followed by Mrs. Clyde and George.

Clarice stepped away from where she was, that they might not see her; yet where her eager, jealous eyes could watch Dora Dunbar's sweet, serious dignity of manner as George Clyde walked beside her to the carriage that had just driven up

Five minutes later, before the carriage was lost to her gaze, old Mr. Clyde came in—a fine, handsome, courtly old gentleman of sixty, whose eyes lighted at sight of her, as he went across the room to where she stood

"Well, my little girl! It is within one minute of the time when I said I would come to hear you tell me whether or not you would accept an old man's love, his name, and his home. Clarice, my darling, is it?"

For she had bewitched him, and all his magnificent fortune, his princely home, the grand old name, the unassailable position as his wife and the mistress of Woodlands, were lying at her feet, to be taken or rejected.

It was a wonderful streak of fortune, and Clarice had told herself so over and over again in the twenty four hours since Mr. Clyde had made his offer of marriage to her.

A wonderful piece of good luck, only handsome George had been nearer the truth than even Clarice had dared whisper to herself when he had said that for such as she love should be lord of all.

And she never could, by any possibility, care for George's father, with all his courtly manliness, his riches and his position; because she loved his son—the splendid young fellow who was confidently expected to make love to and marry Dora Dunbar.

Mr. Clyde gently interrupted her wandering thoughts.

"Well, Clarice, remember I have been patient for twenty four hours, and now I want to know how it is to be."

To be mistress of Woodlands.

To own the very horses and carriage with which Dora Dunbar was riding that minute.

To rise higher than the haughty woman who paid her for services rendered.

If only she could crush down that fierce longing for George Clyde. If only——

The old man smiled down in her paling face—and for just one little minute her breath seemed leaving her body, her heart seemed as if grasped in a cruel iron hand, and then it was over, and she smiled in answer.

"It is not because I cannot comprehend why you should want me, Mr. Clyde. If you really do——"

She had no need to finish her sentence for Mr. Clyde drew her to him in a sudden, glad embrace.

"My own little love! You never, never shall regret this. If ever a woman experienced what it was to be an old man's darling, it shall be you!"

And, after she had escaped to her room, she walked up and down, with a white, drawn face that would have horrified both of the men, with her small, fair hands tightly clenched, trying to beat down the agony of jealous longing for George Clyde, with his handsome eager eyes, that had completely conquered her.

Once that evening she went to Mr. Clyde as he sat at an open window—in a pleading little way that was absolutely irresistible.

"Please don't mention our engagement, will you? It will be unpleasant for me until I get a little used to it. Wait until I tell you, will you, please?"

He caressed the fingers that lay so lightly and coaxingly on his coat-sleeve.

"If you wish it so, Clarice. It is fortunate that you spoke so early, for I had fully intended to explain it all to my daughter in-law and Dora Dunbar, when they had finished their tennis. It is almost too dusky for them to see now."

And, despite the prompt acquiescence to her whim, Clarice also comprehended he would have preferred it otherwise

"When they finished their tennis," Mr. Clyde had said, and when they had finished it Mrs. Clyde, Miss Dunbar, and George went into the parlor, where the old gentleman sat, and George went straight to the dusky corner in the adjoining room, where Clarice sat looking out into the starry darkness

"I will not intrude, Miss Humphrey," he said, lightly and half inquiringly. And then, catching up one of her hands, that lay like a lily petal on the arm of the chair—the self same hand his courtly old father had kissed scarcely an hour before—he drew her to him.

"Because," he said in a quick, passionate whisper that thrilled every nerve in her frame, "because I will come to you anyhow. I have been dying of impatience to finish what I would have said this afternoon Clarice, you must love me—you must love me! Will you? Darling, do you?"

He kissed the quivering crimson lips and held her close to his breast.

Only for one little second; and then she broke away from him with an impatient, despairing little cry.

"No! What good can come of this, even if we do love each other? George Clyde, was there ever such a sarcasm of fate before? We love each other, and you are to marry Dora Dunbar, while I am engaged to your father!"

She fairly flung the last words at him, and he looked as if she was speaking random words.

"What are you saying, my darling? I am to marry Miss Dunbar? Perhaps people think so, but certainly it is not true, as the lady herself can testify. But I don't understand what you mean by saying you are engaged to be married to my father, Clarice?"

A little cry came from her lips, and she shrank back into the chair again.

"He asked me, and he said you would marry her—and—and—my heart almost broke, but I told him yes. George, for heaven's sake don't look at me like that! I loved you so—I loved you so!"

For a look of sudden disapproval and gravity was merging into one of scorn and contemptuous displeasure.

"It certainly was a strange way to manifest your love, Clarice. And see here. Somehow it has—hurt me. I couldn't think of being a rival of my father's. Let us forget it all."

And he turned away from her, all his feelings in a state of revulsion for this fair creature who would have deliberately sold herself.

Just as old Mr. Clyde stepped through the door, and went up to her, kindly, resolutely, as one does who feels morally obliged to discipline an erring child.

"Nor could I dream of marrying the woman who is in love with my son. Clarice, we all have made a great mistake; but, thank God, it is rectified in time. As George said, it will be best to forget it all."

And poor Clarice! Do you reserve for her censure, or pity?

THE ORIGIN OF A WAR.—The Duke de St. Simon, in his "Secret Memoirs"—a work but too little known, gives a most extraordinary anecdote, illustrative of a king's character, and explaining the origin of the war of 1688. His minister, Louvois, at the death of Colbert, undertook the superintendence of all buildings, the construction of which amused the king very much. Of the little Trianon "of porcelain" built by de Montespan, the king was tired, wishing a palace everywhere. Scarcely was the rebuilding of Trianon, which he had ordered, commenced, ere on the ground floor the king detected a fault in a window. Louvois, who was "brutal," and spoiled to a degree which rendered it difficult for him to bear contradiction, even from his master, disputed the point with him, and sustained that the window was well placed and properly formed. The king turned his back, and walked away without a word. Next day he sought Le Notre, an architect of talent and taste, and inquired if he had been to Trianon; Le Notre said, no; the king informed him of his cause of irritation, and ordered him to proceed thither. The next day the same question was put and the same answer given, and the king—clearly perceiving that the architect did not dare say to either that the king was wrong, nor liked to affront Louvois—became angry, and ordered him to meet him at Trianon the next day, where Louvois should also be. Next day accordingly, there being no escape, the king found them both at Trianon, and the subject of the window was brought up. Louvois disputed still, and contended that there was no fault in it; Le Notre said nothing, and presently the king ordered him to measure, and to inform them of the result. While the architect was engaged in this duty, Louvois, in a fury, grumbled and swore to the window being parallel with the others. The king was silent, and awaited the result in great anxiety of mind. Le Notre concluded, and stammered forth some sentence unintelligible. The king flew in a passion, and told him to speak out; and the architect informed the king that he was right, and that there was a great defect. "I cannot stand this obstinacy," said the king, turning to Louvois; "had I not been obstinate in opposition to you, you would have gone on building, and no sooner would it have been finished than you would have had to pull down all." Louvois, in a furious passion, the more so that the affair had been heard by the courtiers, as well as the workmen and valets, returned home quite beside himself. He found there St. Pouange, Villacerf, the Chevalier de Nogent, the two Tilladets, and others, who were alarmed at his state of mind. "*C'en est fait*," said he to them, "I am lost if he continues to treat me in this manner, and about a window, too! I have no other resource than a war, which will occupy him, turn his head away from building, and render me necessary to him. And, *parbleu* he shall have one!" And in a few months his threat was carried into effect, and a war entered into, which materially injured France without gaining her glory or possessions.

LOVE'S INGENUITY.—A young couple in one of our large cities carried on their courtship in rather a novel manner. A young man had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer, but from certain ideas of wealth a match was opposed by the father. The consequence was that the young man was forbidden to visit the house of his employer. The old gentleman was in the habit of wearing a cloak, and the young couple made him the innocent bearer of their correspondence. The lady pinned a letter inside the lining of the old man's cloak every day, and when the father went into his counting house and threw off his cloak, the lover took out the lady's epistle, and read it, then returned a reply in the same manner. It is needless to add that love and ingenuity were finally successful.

Lieutenant McCauley, who was a warm personal friend of Major Thornburgh, says that that lamented officer was one of the best marksmen on the frontier. He could break balls with a skill almost as unerring and remarkable as that displayed by Bogardus or Carver.

Nellie's Error.

BY T. R. T.

STANDING near a brook, watching the water as it went on its course, was a young girl with a troubled look on her fair brow. She was thinking of the time when Laurence Cleveland declared "that there was not another girl in all the wide world that he would care to call his wife." And Nellie Arlington, with love and pride shining from her dark blue eyes, promised then and there to become Laurence Cleveland's cherished wife.

Then there came a letter from the girl's aunt, Mrs. Duncan, saying she wanted her to come and spend the summer with her. Nellie, reluctant to leave her lover, but not wishing to offend her aunt, whom she dearly loved, and whom she had not seen for three years, decided to go.

Laurence had been called away on business the day before, only having time to send her a note saying he would return in two weeks, failing, in his hurry, to say where he had gone; so Nellie could not inform him now of her intended visit.

She had been at her aunt's home two days. One afternoon she went out to watch the passers-by, when a familiar voice attracted her attention. Stepping behind some bushes, so that she could not be seen, she peeped out, to behold Laurence Cleveland with a lady with dark hair and flashing black eyes.

Her manner betrayed more than slight acquaintance with him, Nellie thought.

As soon as they had passed out of sight she stepped from her hiding place, turning to go into the house; then, thinking her aunt would see by her face that something was wrong, she turned and walked down by a brook not far from the house, to think, and to try and forget Laurence Cleveland; for how could she marry a man who cared for another woman?

She was standing there, when suddenly raising her eyes, who should meet her gaze but Laurence Cleveland, on the opposite side of the brook, watching her with a look of wonder on his dark, handsome countenance. With him was the lady she had seen in his company less than an hour ago.

Nellie was so bewildered that in turning to run back to the house her foot slipped, and she fell backwards into the brook. Quick as thought Laurence sprang forward and caught her, just in time to prevent her head from striking on a stone. He took her in his arms across the brook, and laid her down on the grass.

Laurence brought her water and bathed her forehead, and when she opened her eyes her head was resting on his shoulder.

"My darling!" burst from his lips. "How came you here?"

In a moment she was on her feet.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed. And darting by him she ran towards the house.

He watched her until he saw her enter her aunt's door, then proposed to his companion that they should go home. All the way he was wondering how his darling Nellie came to be there, and what made her act so strangely.

The next day he called to see her. A servant came to the door, and he sent in his card to Miss Arlington. The servant soon returned, saying that Miss Arlington was quite well, but declined to see him.

With a heavy heart he went away, wondering what her conduct meant.

He called the next day and the next. Still she declined to see him.

One morning a servant announced a lady to see Miss Arlington. She was ushered into the parlor, where Nellie received her.

"This is Miss Arlington, I believe?" said the lady.

"Yes," said Nelly, coldly.

"My dear Miss Arlington, I come here at my brother's request, for he has returned to town, to ascertain why you acted so towards him, and why you refused to see him when he called upon you."

"Your brother!" said Nellie, a confused look coming to her face—"your brother! Who are you? And what is your name?"

"I am Laurence Cleveland's sister, Louise Monroe. You are my brother's intended wife."

"Oh, what will he think of me? What a fool I have been!"

And here Nellie broke down, unable to say any more, and cried as though her heart would break.

"Mrs. Monroe," said she, "will you please write to Laurence and ask him to forgive me?"

Mrs. Monroe promised, and then Nellie confessed her folly, and was forgiven.

A month passed before Nelly again saw her lover.

"Oh, Laurence, can you ever pardon me for being so foolish?" she cried, penitently.

"Yes, my darling; but never let your jealousy run away with your wit again, and make us both miserable!"

And Nellie promised.

I don't think she will have cause to be jealous again very soon, for in two weeks she will be Mrs. Nellie Cleveland.

There are 38,000 Knights of Pythias in Pennsylvania.

A LOST PEARL.

BY L. C. L.

I see her now as she stood that day,
Wayward and wistful, near the stile,
With her tear-troubled face turned half away,
Yet looking askance for the longed-for smile;
Then a mist that is born of regretful years
Rises up and veils the sweet form from view,
For I gave not the smile, and the troubled tears
Never softened the tone of my harsh adieu.

And now, as I know to my bitter cost,
The error and fault of that fateful day,
And the worth of that love so rashly lost,
Is a plaintive ghost at my side alway;
I seem by a fathomless well to stand,
And to view in its bosom a rich pearl shine
That was cast aside by a reckless hand,
And can never, never again be mine.

I draw from my bosom a picture dim,
So tiny and dim that you scarce can trace
The lineaments in the golden rim,
The years have so kissed out their color and grace,
Yet it brings her back as she stood that day,
So wistfully by the old stile's side,
With her tear-troubled face turned half away,
And beseeching askance for the smile denied.

And forth from the shadows, thin, white hands point,
Down the blighted waste of the barren years,
To purposes broken, schemes out of joint,
And the dull remorse for unheeded tears.
For man's love compared with woman's is naught
But as gloom of night to the light of day;
And ne'er from the past's dim depths is brought,
The pearl of a love that was cast away.

The Sasassa Mystery.

BY C. J.

DO I know why Tom Donahue is called 'Lucky Tom?' Yes, I do; and that is more than one in ten of those who call him so can say. I have knocked about a deal in my time, and seen some strange sights, but none stranger than the way in which Tom gained that sobriquet and his fortune with it. For I was with him at the time. Tell it? Oh, certainly.

I'm roughish now, sir; but I was entered at college once, and studied for the Bar. Tom—worse luck!—was one of my fellow-students; and a wildish time we had of it, until at last our finances ran short, and we were compelled to give up our so-called studies, and look about for some part of the world where two young fellows with strong arms and sound constitutions might make their mark. We thought our best chance would be down at Cape Colony. Well—to make a long story short—we set sail, and were deposited in Cape Town with less than twenty five dollars in our pockets; and there we parted. We each tried our hands at many things, and had ups and downs; but when, at the end of three years, chance led each of us up country and we met again, we were, I regret to say, in almost as bad a plight as when we started.

Well, this was not much of an comencement; and very disheartened we were, so disheartened that Tom spoke of going back home and getting a clerkship. Tom and I had a little hut right out in the Bush; but we were known to possess nothing, and to be handy with our revolvers, so we had little to fear from the native Kafirs who were commencing to give trouble. There we waited, doing odd jobs, and hoping that something would turn up. Well, after we had been there about a month something did turn up upon a certain night, something which was the making of both of us; and it's about that night, sir, that I'm going to tell you. I remember it well. The wind was howling past our cabin, and the rain threatened to burst in our rude window.

About nine the door was flung open, and an old friend, Dick Wharton, stepped in.

"Whereaway, Dick, on such a night as this?" said I.

Dick was looking unusually serious, almost frightened, one would say, if one did not know the man.

"Had to go," he replied—"had to go. One of Madison's cattle is strayed down Sasassa Valley, and of course none of our blacks would go down that Valley at night."

"Why wouldn't they go down Sasassa Valley at night?" asked Tom.

"Ghosts," said Dick.

We both laughed.

"I suppose they didn't give such a matter of fact fellow as you a sight of their charms?" said Tom from the bunk.

"Yes," said Dick seriously—"yes; I saw what the niggers talk about; and I promise you, lads I don't want ever to see it again."

Tom sat up in his bed.

"Nonsense, Dick, you're joking, man! Come, tell us all about it. The legend first, and your own experience afterwards. Pass him over the bottle, Jack."

"Well, as to the legend," began Dick, "it seems that the niggers have had it handed down to them that that Sasassa Valley is haunted by a frightful fiend. Hunters and wanderers passing down the defile have seen its glowing eyes under the shadows of the cliff; and the story goes that whoever has chanced to encounter that baleful glare, has had his after life blighted by the malignant power of this creature. Whether that be true or not," continued Dick ruefully, "I may have an opportunity of judging for myself."

"Go on Dick—go on," cried Tom. "Let's hear about what you saw."

"Well, I was groping down the Valley, looking for that cow of Madison's, and I had, I suppose, got half way down, where a black craggy cliff juts into the ravine on the right, when I halted to have a pull at my flask. I had my eye fixed at the time upon the projecting cliff I have mentioned, and noticed nothing unusual about it. I then put up my flask and took a step or two forward, when in a moment there burst apparently from the base of the rock, about eight feet from the ground and a hundred yards from me, a strange lurid glare, flickering and oscillating, gradually dying away and then reappearing again. No no; I've seen many a glow worm and firefly—nothing of that sort. There it was burning away, and I suppose I gazed at it, trembling in every limb, for fully ten minutes. I stepped back again; but it was some time before I could find the exact spot and position from which it was visible. At last, there it was, the weird reddish light, flickering away as before. Then I screwd up my courage, and made for the rock; but the ground was so uneven that it was impossible to steer straight; and though I walked along the whole base of the cliff I could see nothing. Then I made tracks for home; and I can tell you, boys, that until you remarked it, I never knew it was raining the whole way along. But hollo! what's the matter with Tom?"

What indeed? Tom was now sitting with his legs over the side of the bunk, and his whole face betrayed excitement so intense as to be almost painful. Suddenly he darted out, stopped opposite Dick, and laid his hand upon his shoulder:

"I say, Dick, could we get to Sasassa Valley before sunrise?"

"Scarcely," said Dick.

"Well, look here; we are old friends, Dick Wharton, you and I. Now, don't you tell any other man what you have told us, for a week. You'll promise that, won't you?"

I could see by the look on Dick's face as he acquiesced that he considered poor Tom to be mad; and indeed I was myself completely mystified by his conduct. I had, however, seen so many proofs of my friend's good sense and quickness of apprehension, that I thought it quite possible that Wharton's story had had a meaning in his eyes which I was too obtuse to take in.

All night Tom Donahue was greatly excited, and when Wharton left he begged him to remember his promise, and also elicited from him a description of the exact spot at which he had seen the apparation, as well as the hour at which it appeared. The next morning about six o'clock, having filled our pockets with provisions, we set out, and as we took our wearisome way towards the Sasassa Valley, we struggled on through the hills for a matter of ten miles, and then entered the pass, stumbling along mid the great boulders. Suddenly I heard a short quick exclamation from Tom. "That's the crag!" he cried, pointing to a great mass looming before us in the darkness. "Now Jack, for any favor use your eyes!"

By this time I was even more excited than Tom. But what his intention or object was I could not conjecture. But we had moved perhaps twenty feet further, when in a moment it burst upon me. Through the growing darkness there shone a small ruddy glowing point, the light from which waned and increased, flickered and oscillated, each change producing a more weird effect than the last. The old Kafir superstition came into my mind, and I felt a cold shudder pass over me. In my excitement I stepped a pace backwards, when the light instantly vanished from my eyes.

But from Tom's ejaculations of delight it was clear that it was visible to him also.

"Jack," he cried, as he turned and wrung my hand—"Jack, you and I can never complain of our luck again!"

In feverish haste he then drew a circle about the spot on the cliff that included the place where the light shone. The circle embraced a part of the rock smoother than the rest, save that about the centre there were a few rough protuberances or knobs. One of these Tom pointed to with a cry of delight. It was a roughish brownish mass about the size of a man's closed fist, and looking like a bit of dirty glass let into the wall of the cliff.

"That's it!" he cried—"that's it!"

"That's what?"

"Why, man, a diamond, and such a one as there isn't a monarch in Europe but would envy Tom Donahue the possession of. Here, hand me the crowbar. Now, by using this little round knob which projects from the cliff here, as a fulcrum, we may be able to lever it off. Yes, there it goes. I never thought it could have come so easily. Now, Jack, the sooner we get back to our hut and then down to Cape Town, the better."

We wrapped up our treasure, and made our way across the hills towards home. On the way, Tom told me how, while a law-student, he had come across a dusty pamphlet in the library, by one Jans van Hounym, which told of an experience very similar to ours, which had befallen that worthy Dutchman in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and which resulted in the discovery of a luminous diamond. This tale it was which had come into Tom's head as he listened to honest Dick Wharton's ghost story; while the means which he had adopted to verify his supposition sprang from his own fertile brain.

"We'll take it down to Cape Town," continued Tom, "and if we can't dispose of it with advantage there, it will be worth our while to ship for home with it. Let us go along to Madison's first, though; he knows something of these things."

We turned off from the track accordingly, before reaching our hut, and kept along the narrow path leading to Madison's farm. He was at lunch when we entered.

Tom produced his packet, and solemnly untied the handkerchiefs which envoloped it. "There!" he said, putting his crystal on the table; "what would you say was a fair price for that?"

Madison took it up and examined it critically.

"Well," he said, laying it down again, "in its crude state about two dollars per oz."

"Two dollars!" cried Tom, starting to his feet. "Don't you see what it is?"

"Rock salt!"

"Rock fiddle; a diamond."

"Taste it!" said Madison.

Tom put it to his lips, and dashed it down with a dreadful exclamation.

I felt sad and disappointed enough myself, and for some time after leaving Madison neither spoke.

Suddenly Tom laughed and said:

"Why, Jack, I venture to prophesy that if we waited until night, which we didn't do, we would have seen that light still glimmering among the rocks. Therefore, when we took away this worthless salt, we took the wrong crystal. It is no very strange thing in these hills that a piece of rock salt should be lying within a foot of a diamond. It caught our eyes, and we were excited, and so we made fools of ourselves, and left the real stone behind. Depend upon it, Jack, the Sasassa gem is lying within that magic circle of chalk upon the face of yonder cliff. Come, old fellow, light your pipe and stow your revolver, and let's be off again."

I don't know that I was very sanguine this time. I had begun in fact to look upon the diamond as a most unmitigated nuisance. However, rather than throw a damper on Tom's expectation, I announced myself eager to start. What a walk it was! When we got within half a mile he broke into the "double," and never pulled up until he reached the round white circle upon the cliff. Poor old Tom! when I came up, his mood had changed, and he was standing with his hands in his pockets, gazing vacantly before him with a rueful countenance.

"Look!" he said—"look!" and he pointed at the cliff. Not a sign of anything resembling a diamond there. The circle included nothing but flat slate colored stone, with one large hole, where we had extracted the rock salt, and one or two smaller depressions. No sign of the gem.

"But," said I, "don't you see any change in that circle since yesterday? Don't you miss the little round knob that we used for a fulcrum. I suppose we must have wrenched it off in using the lever. Let's have a look at what it's made of."

Accordingly, at the foot of the cliff we searched about among the loose stones.

"Here you are, Jack! We've done it at last! We're made men!"

I turned round, and there was Tom radiant with delight, and with a little corner of black rock in his hand. At first sight it seemed to be merely a chip from the cliff; but near the base there was projecting from it an object which Tom was now exultingly pointing out. It looked at first something like a glass eye; but there was a depth and brilliancy about it such as glass never exhibited. There was no mistake this time; we had certainly got possession of a jewel of great value; and with light hearts we turned from the valley, bearing away with us the "fiend" which had so long reigned there.

There, sir; I've spun my story out too long, and tired you perhaps. You see when I get talking of those rough old days, I kind of see the little cabin again, and the brook beside it, and the bush around, and seem to hear Tom's honest voice once more. There's little for me to say now. We prospered on the gem. Tom Donohue, as you know, has set up here, and is well known about town. I have done well, farming and ostrich raising in Africa. We set old Dick Wharton up in business, and he is one of our nearest neighbors. If you should ever be coming ing up our way sir, you'll not forget to ask for Jack Turnbull—Jack Turnbull of Sasassa Farm.

A LA RUSSE.—There is no colloquial equivalent in Russian to "sir" or "madam," and this puts social relations at once on a very friendly footing. The high class Russians and their wives are addressed by their inferiors as "Your High Origin" or "High Nobility," as the case may be, but amongst equals the usual formula is to address a person by his Christian name coupled to that of his father—as thus, Paul Petrowitch, i. e., Paul, son of Peter; and the same in regard to women, Maria Nicolaievna, Mary, daughter of Nicholas.

Scientific and Useful.

NEW METHOD OF DRESSING WOUNDS.—A new mode of dressing wounds, consists essentially in the judicious use of pulverized vegetable charcoal to neutralise the deleterious effects of pus from the wound, as also of miasma or ferments from without, the introduction of which is further hindered by a superficial aromatic covering—bands impregnated with balsam. Fifty-five days have passed before renewing such a dressing in the case of a comminuted fracture of the leg, with extensive injury of the fleshy part, and when the dressing was removed the wound was found almost completely cicatrized, while the bones were quite consolidated.

GOLD ALLOY.—To make an alloy having the color and appearance of gold, place in a crucible copper as pure as possible, platinum and tungstic acid to the proportions as stated below. When the metals are completely melted stir and granulate them into water containing 500 grammes of slacked lime and 900 grammes of carbonate of potash for every cubic metre of water. The granulated metal is next collected, dried, and, after remelting in a crucible, a certain quantity of fine gold is added. An alloy is thus produced when run into ingots, presents the appearance of red gold of the standards of 750 1,000. The color of the alloy may be changed by varying the proportions of the different metals. The proportions employed by preference for producing an alloy of red gold are: Copper, 800 grammes; platinum, 25; tungstic acid, 10, and gold, 170 grammes.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASE.—A Sandwich Islander writes that during a long life spent in tropical fever districts he has been able to escape infection and miasma by the use of gunpowder, supplemented by a few simple precautions against sudden changes of temperature, hot water and the like. He uses no water that has not been boiled and afterwards kept from air contact; but his main reliance is upon the practice of burning a thimbleful of powder in his bed room and very small quantities in his trunk, wardrobe, etc., so as to keep his clothes in an atmosphere feebly charged with gunpowder gas. In Madagascar, Reunion, Mauritius, the East Coast of Tropic Africa and other fever smitten lands he has found such simple means a sure preventive of epidemic disease, and has thereby been often brought to the philosophic reflection that gunpowder is destined to invert the aim intended by its fabrication.

TESTING MACHINE.—The great machine designed for the United States Commission for testing iron and steel, which has been in process of construction for three years past is now completed. The merit of this new testing machine is its great power united with its mathematical accuracy. A five-inch bar of iron was pulled apart and the strain registered in doing it was 722 000 pounds. To attest its minute exactness, a horse hair was next submitted to the strain, and it yielded to a registered force of two pounds. Then to ascertain its refinement of accuracy, a hen's egg was taken and inclosed in plaster of Paris, with two small holes at each end, and the pressure being applied, the contents were forced out of these small apertures at a strain of thirty-two pounds, the shell remaining unbroken.

Farm and Garden.

SAND FOR BEDDING.—In Holland, where sand is more plentiful and cheaper than hay, it is used for bedding cows. This keeps the animals always entirely clean, and the milk never takes the odor of the stable.

YOUNG STOCK.—Nine tenths of all losses of young stock that occur during the winter are animals that are in low flesh at the beginning of cold weather. Nothing affords a more perfect protection from cold than a good supply of fat.

IMPURE AIR.—If you desire a killing proof of the impurity of air that has been once breathed, hang up a canary bird in a cage at the top of a closely curtained bedstead, and if the bed is occupied the bird will be dead in the morning.

CONDITION OF ANIMALS.—To keep the animals in good condition, or increasing in weight, should be the object of every farmer during the season. To permit a loss of weight after the summer's feeding is to waste the food both winter and summer. It costs more to get an animal fat than to keep it fat.

ROBINS AND INSECTS.—Robins are strictly insectivorous so long as the supply of insects is equal to the demand, and that for every cherry or grape they eat they destroy thousands of injurious insects. Forty-six birds would destroy about four thousand six hundred insects a day.

CARE OF SHEEP.—It is said that if sheep-breeders will put a little sulphur in the salt for sheep, not enough to make the latter distasteful to them, the sulphur will drive away ticks. Also, if hens are kept with sheep in the winter they will pick the ticks off the wool when they come to the surface.

VALUE OF HOGS.—One hog, kept to the age of one year, if furnished with suitable material, will convert a cartload per month into a fertilizer which will produce a good crop of corn. Twelve loads per year multiplied by the number of hogs usually kept by our farmers would make sufficient fertilizing substance to grow the corn used by them; or, in other words, the hog would pay in manure the cost of his keeping.

CROWS AND POTATOES.—Those who are troubled with crows unearthing young potatoes would do well to adopt the following preventive measures, which have been found to be thoroughly effectual: Get several sheets of brown paper, wet them, and sprinkle dry gunpowder over them; then tie them to the tops of stakes placed here and there amongst the potatoes, and set fire to them; the paper, being wet, will not burn, but will retain the smell of powder for a long time, and the crows will not come near whilst that lasts.

THE WORKSHOP FARM.—One of the adjuncts to the workshop of every farm ought to be a set of tools needed in mending harness, so that the boys may, on rainy days, learn a new trade and save quite an expense. With harness a stitch in time saves not nine, but ninety-nine more. The essentials are two awls, needles, waxed ends, and a clamp to hold the pieces to be sewed. The last may be made out of a couple of barrel staves fastened to a block and tightened by a strap around the middle. Some mending will have to go to the shop; but in the course of a year quite a sum can be saved by merely sewing up the ripped and torn places in the harness or padding.

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 8, 1879.

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UPS AND DOWNS.

SOME people rise in the world by climbing. They bring their own muscles into play, and every ascent which is reached they hold on to. They may start at the very bottom of the ladder, but they move gradually upward, step by step, round after round, until they stand at the very top, and further need of climbing is over. There is some satisfaction in getting up in the world after this fashion.

To the man anxious to make his way in life we would say, do not try to rise in the world by inflating yourself, or by crawling, or being hoisted, but climb the hill. The exercise will do you good, irrespective of the result. You may not get quite as high as you would like; you may not become a millionaire, or a governor, but you may be a useful, honored, and influential citizen, which is more than can be said of some persons who get very lofty places.

There are some advantages and some disadvantages in getting high up in the world. The man who stands on a pinnacle often becomes a target, against which the envious and malicious often "shoot out their arrows, even bitter words," which sting and torment, and sometimes kill. "Death loves a shining mark," and so does every minister of evil.

Cares and responsibilities also come upon the man in high position, which make him sometimes long for the quiet and peace of obscurity. He may be almost a stranger in his own household, and become the slave of those who profess to honor him most. A public man's constituency may be a very heavy load for him to carry. We see only the laurels wound around the brow of the hero—we do not see the brain that aches and palpitates beneath.

Then comes the peculiar temptations of wealth and station. Many a man's success has proved to be his ruin, and the higher he has risen the more terrible the fall. Great men stand on a dizzy height. If they reel and stagger, the whole world sees it. It is not prone to make much allowance, but sits in judgment upon other men all the more sternly because of the height which they have reached.

If you are able to rise, be cautious; if not, try to be resigned.

EARLY rising is a great good and a great gain; and keeping late hours is one of the signs of a society too artificial and too pleasure-loving to be quite wholesome. The feverish excitement which turns night into day, as a rule, gives work of a less true and less excellent kind than that which is done in the bright and vigorous morning hours; and the work so done undoubtedly demands a greater expenditure of vital force, though, by reason of that feverish excitement, it appears to be done with more ease, and consequently at less expense.

IN the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness, recurring daily and hourly, and opportunities of doing kindnesses, if sought for, that are for ever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks—that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that whenever a great sacrifice is called for he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is, that he will not make it; and, if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake than for his neighbor's.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Swiss couriers employed by travelers receive heavy commissions from the proprietors of the hotels to which they conduct their parties. A correspondent says that besides the direct payments, they enjoy sundry perquisites; they live on the fat of the land, are regaled with the finest wines in the innkeeper's cellar, smoke his best cigars, and often, when temporarily unemployed, live at free quarter in his house. Of course the traveling public, one way or another, must pay for all this, and people who stay in the best hotels and indulge in the luxury of a courier get off cheaply for $10 a day, railroad fare and hotel bills included.

THE course of instruction in Chinese is now open at Harvard, and will be continued daily during term-time. The announcement of the faculty says that two hours of work a day with the instructor, and from two to three hours a day apart from the instructor, will be required in order to make satisfactory progress. Unmatriculated students are admitted to the course upon payment of a fee of $150; but the fee may be remitted to promising students who are unable to pay it, and who show a serious purpose of learning the language. Students will be received at any time during the year. Women are not permitted to enter the classes.

BERLIN is to have, next April, the first international fishery exhibition that there has ever been of any real consequence or value. Europe will be well represented, only Spain, and, of course, France, having thus far failed to signify their intention to participate. From the Western Hemisphere, the United States, Canada, Costa Rica, San Salvador, and Brazil will early send exhibits. China, Japan, India, and the Malayan Archipelago are expected to make curious and rare displays. Egypt will send fish and fishing implements of the Nile. The Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Italy and Portugal show much interest in the enterprise, and so do individual cities elsewhere, as Odessa in Russia, Marseilles in France, and Trieste in Austria.

A FRENCH savant twenty four years ago accidentally discovered musical notes in flint, and has been collecting different tones since for a chromatic scale. He has now made a musical instrument of the same general idea as the harmonican, but much more powerful. The stones, which are of various sizes and form, are just as he found them, no artificial aid being brought to bear in adapting them to this use. The instrument is composed of an iron frame, along the top of which the stones are suspended by means of stout twine; then, with bits of stone that have no resonance, he plays a variety of tunes, making nice harmonies and bringing forth exceedingly sweet tones. The stones are not regulated by weight, as entirely different notes weigh just the same; the musical quality is something given them by nature.

FLOWER farming is about to be introduced in Santa Barbara, and also in Alvarada county, Cal., for the extract. California is prolific in flowers above all other growths. Every day in the year has its varieties, and very cheap husbandry would be required to make perennial croppings, because children can be largely employed. Roses yield 2 000 pounds to the acre; value, $375. Orange trees, 2 000 pounds; value, $250. Violets, 1 600 pounds; value, $800. Acacias, 900 pounds; value, $450. Geraniums yield 2 000 ounces distilled perfume; value, $1 000; and lavender $150. Besides these there are bergamot, tuberose, orris root, peppermint, verbena, lilac, jasmine, lemon grass, citronella, and patchouly—all of which can be grown there. At present we import all natural scents, much adulterated, at enormous prices.

KING THEBAW, it is painful to learn, has been guilty of something worse than a crime—a violation of Burmese etiquette applicable to royal slaughter. An ordinary criminal in Burmah is put to death by decapitation; but a Prince must be beaten to death with a bludgeon on the back of the neck, a Princess on the front—that is the throat. Theber is accused, on as good evidence as it would be, perhaps, possible to get (considering that the massacres were perpetrated secretly in the palace precincts, out of reach of European eyes), of neglecting these all-important refinements and decencies, so to speak of murder, and huddling his victims out of the world in a barbarous, vulgar style, as shocking to their sense of self-respect as discreditable to his own breeding and character as a king of taste and of scholarlike acquirements much above the average.

RUSSIAN jurors make up their verdicts without the slightest reference to the evidence. Towards the close of 1878 and the beginning of 1879 frequent complaints were made to the chief postal authorities in St. Petersburg of letters not having reached their destination, and, inquiry being made, a letter carrier was arrested on suspicion. In his lodgings were found, among other things, about 220 opened letters, with over thirty money orders, in consequence of which he was brought to trial. It was proved that he had gradually stolen a large sum of money, which he did not deny; but he excused himself on the double ground that he was very often drunk, and had no time frequently to deliver all the contents of his bag. These pleas must have seemed of overpowering cogency to the minds of the jury, for they pronounced him "not guilty," and he was acquitted.

DR. FISCHER, of the Imperial German Post Office, has just published a pamphlet showing the comparative postal and telegraph statistics. The letter post of the whole world for 1878 amounted in round numbers to 8 300 000 000 letters, or about 9,250,000 daily; and the numbers have been increasing daily at an astonishing rate. Thus in Japan, the number of post offices in 1872 was 1,159, and in 1876 it had risen to 3,649. The number of separate articles which passed through the Japanese post in 1878 was 47 000 000, of which 25 000,000 were letters, 10 000 000 post cards, and 8,500,000 newspapers. Post cards were first brought into use only in 1865, and now they are employed in almost every country in the world. The parcels post has, however, not yet got beyond the first stage of its development. The number of telegraphic despatches sent in 1877 amounted for the whole globe to nearly 130,000,000, or an average of 353,000 daily.

ALL the bigotry has not yet gone out of England. A prominent land proprietor recently changed the name of a terrace from Longford to Cromwell. One of the tenants immediately sent a notice of his intention to leave the house. "So long as I live," he wrote, "my family shall never inhabit a house in any street or terrace bearing the execrable name of 'Cromwell'—of most infamous memory—a rebel, a traitor, a regicide, a usurper, a self-seeking ambitious hypocrite and tyrant, a wholesale murderer of defenseless women and children (to wit, the sieges of Drogheda and Wexford), an arch enemy of the altar and the throne (vide all English history). That name is insulting to the loyalty and intelligence of the entire neighborhood, and highly offensive to the great majority of the rate payers, who have already most emphatically expressed themselves to that effect." The innocent victim of all this vituperation happened to live in Cromwell road, Kensington, and this circumstance induced him to change the name of the terrace.

THE agitation against vivisection has taken a deep hold in both Germany and Switzerland. Numerous anti-vivisection leagues have been formed, and the countries have been flooded with pamphlets on the subject. So intense a degree of feeling has been aroused against the leading vivisectionists and their names have been so covered with opprobrium, that they have found it necessary to defend themselves earnestly in public addresses. One of the leaders in the movement against them is Ernst von Weber the South American explorer, who wrote a book in which he portrayed experimentation upon living animals in such forcible colors that a thrill of horror ran through the reading public of Germany, and thousands were ready to take up arms in behalf of the tormented brute creation. As Ernest Von Weber is one of the most prominent figures in the anti-vivisection movement, so the distinguished physiologist, Professor Ludwig, of the University of Leipsic, is the head and front of the fraternity against whom the popular execration is directed.

THE great toothpick monopoly is at an end. Toothpicks may seem rather a small thing to get up a monopoly on, yet such was the case. The familiar toothpick which we pick up as we leave a restaurant is made of white wood and pointed at both ends. These little articles were patented in 1866, but the patent has just run out, and competition is now making things lively. The only and original factory, in Maine, used from 3,000 to 5,000 cords of wood every year. For 35 cents a box of 2,500 toothpicks were sold and a large profit obtained. The complicated machinery took in a log six feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, and chewed it up into toothpicks. But the old and original factory seems to be about ruined by Western cheap labor. Another factory has started up in the woods of Western Ohio, and with similar machinery is showing that every log has "millions in it," in the shape of toothpicks. The price per 2,500 fell from 25 to 20 cents, then to 18, 16, 14, and finally to 10 cents retail and 8 cents wholesale, and here it stands. Whether competition will prove the life or death of the toothpick remains to be seen.

TWO Russian physicians recently treated a young girl twelve years old who had been bitten through the skin by a mad dog. Seventeen days after the bite she was seized with convulsions. The immediate inhalation of three cubic feet of oxygen was practiced with such effect that in two hours and a half the patient was resting quietly and comfortably. Two days later, the same symptoms supervening, the inhalation was again practiced for forty-five minutes, when the convulsions ceased. A month later there was a slight weakness of the muscles of the leg, but these symptoms gradually passed away, leaving no trace of the disease except a hoarseness due to the effect of the diphtheria. In 1875 Drs. Paul and Josias treated a similar case with this same method, but the patient died, although the spasms were allayed temporarily by the oxygen. It is said that in this state, at Chambersburg, resides a lady, Miss Senseny, who has a wonderful remedy for this disease devised her by her father. With the knowledge so transferred was the order that the names of the various drugs that go to make up the cure and their proportions should never be revealed outside of the family. It has been tried frequently with the greatest success.

IT is well known that hair may be dyed blonde, rouge, auburn, black, or even green, without injuring its natural color. But what beats anything of the kind accomplished till now is that a German chemist has found out the means of giving to eyes any of the hues of the rainbow. His discovery is founded on the well known physical law, that all objects on earth appear of one or another color, according to their property of reflecting certain special beams, and absorbing the others. Now, let the eye be placed under such conditions that will reflect only rose colored beams, it will appear rose colored. What are these conditions? This is the chemist's secret. However, he pretends that he can dye any eyes without altering the sight or even causing pain; and as a proof of this he exhibits a cat, a dog, a monkey, and two negroes—a man and a woman. The woman boasts of a silver-iris, while the other seems to be made of pure gold. The man lovingly contemplates his companion with an eye as black as night, and another of truly heavenly blue. The cat flashed defiance to the dog through bright red orbs; the dog answered by a disdainful glance of his dark green eyes, and the monkey rolls his, as delicately tinted as the petals of a rose. We shall undoubtedly soon have the pleasure of seeing the belles of the day matching the color of their eyes to those of their toilettes, as they already do for their hair, and lovers exalting the diamond, emerald, or ruby like orbs of their beloved will no longer use metaphor, but plain English. Indeed, we are living in the age of sham. Loveliness, so far as complexion and hair are concerned, is bought at so much a pound at the perfumer's or hairdresser's.

THE KIND OF SPOON.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

If one man prospers in the world,
And seems to get ahead,
How many good and pleasant things
About him will be said;
And whether from the east or west—
The north or from the south,
'Tis said at birth a silver spoon
Was in his lucky mouth.

But if his boots are out at toes,
And shabby is his hat,
How many strange and funny things,
Are said of him from that.
And whether from the east or west,
From north or from the south,
They say a pewter spoon at birth
Graced his unlucky mouth.

O, wondrous spoons from fairy-land,
How potent is your touch,
To one man you too little give—
Another far too much.
I think were I a fairy queen,
And o'er them had control,
I'd put a silver handle fast,
On every pewter bowl.

Her First Appearance.

BY E. C. PHILLIPS.

MRS. GEORGIE WYNDHAM is in considerable trouble. She is giving a somewhat fashionable dinner party to a number of her husband's clerical friends, and her 'help,' through leaving and sickness, is reduced to one servant, a dish-breaking boy. This state of affairs becomes most embarrassing, at ten o'clock one morning, a week after Gwendoline's arrival, in the little Irish village. Gwendoline is a city belle on a visit, and one of her maidenhood's most devoted chums. At eleven, Mrs. Wyndham being in sore need of comfort, and literally at her wit's end, rises and seeks her friend's chamber, prepared to pour her sorrows into her sympathetic breast.

"Can anything be more humiliating, my dear?" she says, tears rising to her pretty brown eyes, as she finishes her recital. "I don't think I should mind so very much, but that Mr. Layton is coming, and John was at his house last week" (John is Mr. Wyndham,) "and everything there was so nicely managed, and the attendance perfect. I assure you, my dear Gwendoline, I feel absolutely faint, when I picture to myself that boy in the parlor, unsupported."

"It is really terrible," says Gwendoline, who is looking as concerned as one could desire. She is looking thoughtful too, as though she was hatching a conspiracy, and has let all her forehead run into little puckers. "Tell me, Georgie," she says presently, "do you appear?"

"No, not on such occasions. They only discuss theology, they say, and I don't care about it."

"Then set your mind at rest. I shall solve the difficulty for you—yes, I myself!" rising to her feet with charming energy. "I have often told you how in private theatricals I am quite perfect in an upper housemaid. To day I shall prove to you that my words were not empty boasting."

"I don't understand"—bewildered—"you mean——"

"That I shall take the place of Jemima; I shall attend! and I shall report to you later on, whether it is indeed theology, or (what I strongly suspect) gossip that those eight parsons discuss."

"You must be mad," says Mrs. Wyndham, breaking into a hearty laugh—"utterly out of your senses; fancy John's sensations when you said 'Fowl, sir?' Fancy his horror when he saw you in the regulation dress, cap and all! My dear girl, think of your position; people don't have London belles to wait upon them."

"That is just it," with growing delight. "There is nothing like being out of the common, and I look absolutely delicious in a cap—it suits me tremendously. I have a linen gown that will answer very well, and you must provide an apron. Now, Georgie, don't dream of preventing me. Don't you know I always get my own way in the end?"

She gets it; and when arrayed in the exquisitely fitting linen gown, white apron, and daintiest of caps, looks so bewitching, that Mrs. Wyndham tells her dinner will be a superfluity, as they will all be too fully engaged admiring her to allow time for mere eating.

The guests have all arrived; they are in the drawing room, from whence the dull, monotonous sound of their voices reaches even to the dining room, where Mrs Wyndham is still overpowering her new maid with final directions.

All is going merry as a marriage bell, when a loud knock at the hall door startles the conspirators.

"My dear!" says Mrs. Wyndham, with a slight gasp, "who can it be?"

"Not the bishop, I hope devoutly," returns her companion, with affected dismay.

A minute later a voice in the hall, answering a warm greeting from Mr. Wyndham, makes itself heard. Georgie turns slightly pale.

"It is Hilary—Sir Hilary Tremaine," she says in a ghostly whisper; "that college chum of John's I have so often told you about. Now it will not do for you to act servant before him. He is only just home from the East, and he will certainly be in town for the next season; you may meet him there, he would recognise you, and——"

"Nothing shall prevent my doing my duty," interrupts Gwendoline solemnly. "You have hired me for 'this night only,' and go through with it I will. Not for a dozen Sir Hilaries would I throw up my engagement. Georgie, run away, I think I hear them coming!"

Dinner is an undoubted success. The new maid proves a perfect treasure.

Gwendoline appears quite at home in her role, and enjoys it thoroughly; never before has she felt herself—in such reality—before the footlights, and she treads the boards with consummate grace and ease. One only circumstance occurs to cause her the faintest embarrassment — one only of all the guests gives her some slight uneasiness.

This is Sir Hilary Tremaine, who by the merest accident has arrived at the parsonage on this momentous evening, intending to spend it with his old friend, as he passes through the quaint little village of Ballykillruddereen, on his way to the capital. It is a common trick of his to walk in upon the Wyndhams without warning—being a special favorite of theirs, but it is perhaps a little unfortunate he should have chosen this particular night for one of his chance visits.

"Champagne or hock sir?" says a charming voice at his elbow, and in an instant he finds himself wondering why such a matchless face should have the cap of servitude above it. To be sure it is a perfectly ravishing cap of its kind—but still it is a cap! And——

"Champagne," he says mechanically, and is helped by a hand white as a newly fallen snowflake.

Gwendoline, who having been the unrivaled belle of one whole season, is consequently well versed in all the first symptoms of the tender passion, marks his secret admiration and perplexity, and while outwardly calm and decorous, is inwardly merry with laughter. Dinner having come to a satisfactory close, she retires with a proper lack of haste, but once fairly in the hall rushes off to Georgie and throws herself into her arms.

"Congratulate me, dearest. I have had a great success; I may safely say I have brought down the house—meaning John. He looked unutterable praises all through. And 'mysteriously' I have done more—I have made a conquest!"

"No!" says Georgie. "Not Mr. Hyde. They say he has a penchant for pretty——"

"Wrong, my dear. Sir Hilary is my secret adorer! You say he has been abroad, in the East for some time? Then depend upon it, Georgie, he has there imbibed some of their foreign notions, and will be here presently to make a bargain with you. I am sure he wants to buy me! Don't take anything under a lac of rupees."

"You mean——"

"I mean that he never took his eyes off of me, and that he is undoubtedly hungry, poor man, because he ate no dinner, although I took the greatest care of him. Now Georgie, remember, don't sell me too cheap. He will surely broach the matter to you before he leaves to night."

"To night—he won't leave to night," says Mrs Wyndham, breaking into an irrepressible laugh, "he always sleeps: he will probably spend half to morrow here waiting for the midday train from Cahirmore. My dearest Gwen, what is to be done?"

"Get me two good books, and I shall hide my diminished head in my chamber until he takes his departure. What an adventure it is, and what fun I have had! I shall always keep this dear little cap and this spotless apron in memory of it; once was I only on the point of giving way, and that was when John said, quite out loud, only happily no one was attending, 'Thank you, dear.'"

"And if Sir Hilary asks me at breakfast what has become of my lovely maid, what shall I say?"

"That she is dead, or ill, or just gone out to be married to the butcher's young man. Yes, that will be best, it will effectually quench all rising passion in his breast. Good Georgie, I must go; I fancied I heard a step—yes, 'the foe, they come, they come.'"

* * * * *

It is six months later, and the very height of the London season. To night there is a ball at the Duchess of Glenlivon's, and as the old lady has a passion for beauty, even the very staircases and ante-rooms of her house are crowded with some of England's loveliest and best.

Here is the charming Mrs. Leighton, as usual faultlessly attired; there the lovely Mrs. Coppinger-Hall, the centre of an admiring throng; lower down is Lady Ecks; still lower the pretty, piquant Duchess of Zaid.

Here too is Lady Gwendoline Primrose, tall and fair, and perfect as Nature and her sister Art, combined, can make her. Just now she is standing in the ball-room exactly opposite the chief entrance door, listening good-naturedly to a ponderous compliment, levelled at her dainty shell-pink ear, by the devoted Heavy at her side; with a suspicion of coquetry she has lowered her eyes, and is pretending to examine minutely the delicate figure carved upon her fan, so that when Sir Hilary Tremaine enters the room—which he does at this moment—she fails to notice him.

Leaning lazily against the wall, he lets his glance rove carelessly over the occupants of the apartment. Lightly it travels, scarcely resting as it goes, until in the course of its voyage it reaches the smitten dragoon opposite; here it lingers for a moment, as though amused, and then passes on to his companion—and then——

The eyeglass drops from Sir Hilary's eye. He is as one transfixed with amaze. He grows a shade paler, and sinks into a friendly seat placed in one of the corners.

Putting out his hand, he grasps the arm of a man standing near him.

"Brandrum," asks he, faintly, "tell me, who is the—the young lady opposite—in white?"

"What a tone!" returns the man addressed, regarding him with the keenest pity. "Not to know her argues yourself unknown. She is our reigning beauty par excellence."

"Lady Gwendoline Primrose!"

"Even so. Nothing like that in the East, I take it—eh? You seemed moved. Have you so soon surrendered? I wouldn't if I were you. Turn your eyes away, Tremaine; she is a Syren, a Circe."

"I must get an introduction," says Tremaine, who has heard not one word of all this well meant warning.

"Is it really so bad with you as all that?"—with a slightly contemptuous shrug. "Well, so be it. Afterwards, give me credit for good feeling. Lady Gwendoline and I are excellent friends at present, so I dare say I shall be able to manage this for you."

He does manage it. A few minutes later Sir Hilary is standing before the Syren, and is being well received. The very faintest shadow of a start runs through her frame as her eyes meet his the very slightest of accession dyes her cheeks; both are so very undetermined that Tremaine, who is watching her narrowly, cannot be certain that either ever existed.

She is graciousness itself to him, and smiles sweetly.

"Yes, he can have one dance, she has still one to spare." As she says this, she deftly draws her pencil across a name upon her card, and writes "Sir Hilary" over it. "The next? yes, it is the next; odd, is it not?"—with a charmingly swift glance.

Then the last fond notes of the waltz having died away, she places her hand upon his arm, bestows a gentle inclination of her lovely head upon her late disconsolate partner, and suffers Tremaine to lead her away into one of the nearest conservatories.

Sir Hilary, finding the prolonged silence growing oppressive, rouses himself resolutely, and turns his face to her. Then impelled by an overpowering curiosity, he says to her somewhat abruptly:

"Were you ever in Ireland?"

"Yes"—indifferently—"several times."

"Were you," with a certain amount of hesitation, "ever in a little village called Ballykillruddereen?"

"Ballykillruddereen?" with a soft laugh. "What a name! Must it not fatigue the poor Irish inventing such long ones? Is there really a place called Ballykillruddereen?"

"There is. You were never there, then?" Even he himself is surprised at his own persistency.

"How oddly you ask the question," says Lady Gwendoline, playing with her fan, and refusing to meet his earnest gaze. "Do you suspect me of spending much of my time in rustic villages? Now, tell me candidly, do you think I look like a person who had been sojourning at Ballykill—what is it?"

"No, you do not," replies he, with conviction; then he sighs involuntarily, and is silent.

"What a heavy sigh," murmurs her ladyship mockingly; "there is quite three volumes in that one sigh alone. Did you lose your heart in that eccentric and very unpronounceable little Irish town?"

"I?—oh no" with a start and a smile, "not quite that. But I met there once what I thought until to night was quite the loveliest woman I ever saw. She"—an expressive pause—"was very like you!"

"Who was she?"

"I don't know."

"What was her name?"

"I can't say; I never discovered."

"A fair Incognita, in fact. What a charming adventure! It reads like a Spanish plot. I hope my fac-simile was at least a lady?"

"I give you my honor I don't know that either," he says with an effort.

"How stupid!"—with a little shrug. "If I were a man, and had lost my heart as entirely as you have evidently lost yours to an unknown beauty, I should not rest until I had discovered every single thing about her."

"I did not say I had lost my heart to her."

"No!" says Gwendoline, with lifted brows of disbelief. And then they drift into other topics, and the subject is not renewed.

Towards the close of the evening, he manages to get another dance with her, and begins to feel miserably happy, if I may be allowed the expression. She is very sweet, and kind, and lets him know indirectly she has thrown over two other men to give him his dances.

Presently he finds himself speaking to "mamma" who receives him very courteously and makes much of him. By this time the long suffering Countess is well up in all the shades and variations of her daughter's face and manner, and something in them to night when she addresses Sir Hilary, something so light as to be indescribable, makes eternal hope spring once more within her maternal breast. Tremaine, although now only a baronet, is heir to the earldom of an old and distant cousin, and will some day be one of the wealthiest young men in England. Yes, he is undoubtedly a better match than even the amiable though elderly Berlie; so the Countess is very nice to him, and tells him his mother was one of her dearest friends, and somehow gives him to understand, without saying it, that her house in town is open to him while she remains in it.

Sir Hilary gladly avails himself of this unspoken invitation, and the very next afternoon makes his way to the lucky Belgravian mansion that contains his lady love; is admitted and indistinctly petted.

These daily visits continue for a fortnight, during which time he goes through all the agonies of hope and fear, distrust and fear, distrust and belief, and yet "dares not put it to the touch to win or lose" all he holds dearest on earth.

Lady Gwendoline is very capricious, and much too civil to Lord George Millefleurs! Generally, when Tremaine arrived at the residence of the adored, he finds Lord George upon the doorsteps just departing, or when he is departing, finds him there just arriving. Occasionally the two young men meet into the drawing room, and having expressed hypocritical joy at the *rencontre*, sit glowering at each other in civil nineteenth-century fashion, throughout the interview, and try with dogged perseverance who will sit it out the longest. All of which is an inward joy to the spoiled beauty, who can calculate to a nicety every change of feeling in each breast.

To-day Sir Hilary, lounging dejectedly up the stairs, finds her happily alone; and instantly brightening up, sits down, and lays himself out to be agreeable.

"Mamma has a bad headache," Gwendoline tells him, and hopes he will excuse her. She is almost sure—this plaintively, and with palpable hesitation, as though honestly believing she is imparting intelligence that will cause a disappointment—almost sure Lady Rosemary will not be able to leave her room to day. It is really very unfortunate, &c.

"I am very sorry," says Tremaine, untruthfully, and straightway banishes the Countess and her headache from his thoughts. He is in radiant spirits, and looks it. Lord George, he discovers presently, is out of town, so the morning is all his own. Gwendoline is in her sweetest humor, and for some time conversation flows briskly.

Then "a change comes o'er the spirit of his dream." The door opens and a footman advances noiselessly; he bears with him a marvel of a bouquet, composed of palest blossoms only, and presents it to Lady Gwendoline.

"With Lord George Millefleur's compliments," he says solemnly, and departs.

Sir Hilary relapses into eloquent silence, all his raidance has deserted him, while in its place an expression half sullen, wholly miserable, has settled upon his countenance.

Lady Gwendoline has gone into raptures over her snowy bouquet.

"How delicious!" she says with a pleased smile. "I do so love white flowers—it was quite too good of Lord George to remember that; but he is very thoughtful. And how sweet they are, how fresh, like the little breath straight from the country. Are they not? See——" Stooping forward, she holds the obnoxious bouquet with a charming grace right under his nose.

"Very," returns he in a freezing tone, recoiling a little.

"Don't you like flowers?" with innocent surprise.

"Some flowers," he said, in a marked tone.

"Anything the matter with you, Sir Hilary!" demands she with touching concern. "Do you know, you really do look very badly. Of late I have often noticed how fitful your spirits are at times. A minute ago you seemed quite cheerful, and now——! Is it toothache? neuralgia? Do tell me if I can help you in any way?"

"You can," exclaims he, rising, "if you will. I shall be cheerful again directly if you will only throw those flowers out of the window!"

"Throw my lovely flowers to the London *gamins*! Dear Sir Hilary, why?"

"Because"—desparately, and getting as close to her as circumstances will permit, considering how she is hemmed in by a gipsy table, the fender, and the huge foot-stool on which her feet are resting—"because—I love you! And to see you accept flowers from any man except myself renders me absolutely wretched. Gwendoline," stretching out his hand, "let me dispose of them for you."

"I will"—sweetly, ignoring the first part of his speech altogether. "Bring me over that Venetian vase on the cabinet, and I will let you arrange them with me. No? you won't help me? How uncivil of you. Well, never mind then. I shall do them myself, and, just to let you see I bear no malice, I shall give you one whole flower all for yourself!"—holding out one to him.

"No, thank you," icily.

"Not when I give it to you?" with arched brow of astonishment.

"No, thank you," with increased coldness.

"But indeed you must have it," says Beauty, her temper charmingly unruffled; and, as she always gains the day, he presently finds himself the richer by one detested sprig of stephanotis.

"Now," exclaims she a few minutes later, having arranged the flowers to her satisfaction, "sit down over there, and put that ugly little frown in your pocket, and let us be pleasant. Tell me something more about that odd Irish village with the funny name, and your mysterious beauty."

"I told you something a few moments ago of which you take no heed," reproachfully.

"Did you?" blushing faintly. 'Are you sure? I thought you had been singularly stupid, taciturn, I mean, since your entrance. Perhaps I was not attending."

"No," bitterly, "you were too much taken up with Millefleurs's offering."

"Then suppose you tell it to me again now."

"May I?" eagerly.

"Yes," said Gwendoline.

"Gwendoline, I told you I loved you."

"Oh! Sir Hilary!" in tones of the liveliest reproach; "what is it you are saying! You! who has given every atom of heart you possess into the keeping of that perplexing Irish maiden. No, it is no use you denying it, it is only too palpable."

"Nonsense; I never spoke to her in my life."

"Not once?"

"No. At least nothing I can remember."

"Then she must have spoken to you, which—forgive me—was surely a little forward of her—the worst possible taste, I think. I do not believe she could have been a very nice girl. What did she say?"

"How could she speak to me when I tell you I did not speak to her?"

"Sir Hilary, don't prevaricate; that is not a straightforward answer to my question. Tell me what she said."

"It was nothing to signify."

"But it does signify, and I insist on knowing."

"Must I tell?"

"You must," imperiously.

"Well, then"—with the calmness of despair—"she said Champagne, sir?'"

"She said—what!" rising slowly.

"'Champagne sir,'" doggedly.

"Why, then, she must have been—she was a——"

"Parlor maid," returns he, with all the determination of a man who has made up his mind to say his worst and be done with it.

"And you have dared to compare me with a parlor maid!" she said; and then she turns her back on him.

"Gwendoline, you are angry with me," he says, speaking from a respectful distance, but with all his heart in his tones.

"I am," faintly; "and, you should not call me by my Christian name, without my permission—I am not a parlor maid! Sir Hilary."

This is a cruel stab. Tremaine winces, but wisely refrains from speech.

"She cannot have been like me," says Gwendoline, presently, still in a subdued voice. "Do say she wasn't."

"I can't," despairingly, but still true to his colors, for which she secretly admires him. "I don't know whether she was really a servant, or a princess in disguise. I only know she was the loveliest woman I ever saw, and that you and she were so alike, I should not know one from the other. But that you have led me to believe you have never been——'

"I do not care to be like that sort of person," interrupts she, hastily.

"If you had seen her you would forgive me," softly, "she was so beautiful, so sweet, so like yourself!"

Gwendoline smiles. Turning to him, she extends a forgiving hand.

"As she was so lovely, I pardon you," she says graciously, and Tremaine, bending over the white fingers, presses upon them a grateful caress. Just before he takes his leave she says:

"By the-by, are you going to the theatricals at Mrs Gore Palliser's next week?"

"Are you?" cautiously.

"I am going to act. I have only got a minor part, but I should like you to come and give me some slight applause."

"I shall surely be there," with considerable warmth.

"And, Sir Hilary," calling to him mischievously as he reaches the door, "you may bring a bouquet to throw at me; and, remember how I adore white flowers!"

When he is gone she raises her hands to her head, and falls into an attitude expressive of the deepest inward research.

"I wonder where Hamper could have put that linen dress and that memorable cap and apron!"

* * * * * *

The curtain had risen; the guests are all seated; every one is on the look out for the first break-down. Mrs Gore-Palliser, with her face wreathed in smiles, is secretly battling with a growing fear, and is in an agony of apprehension lest the elder Miss Gore shall forget her part. All Miss Gore's women-friends are in an agony lest she should not.

She does not, however, and the curtain falls upon a very successful first act in a drawing room comedy. Universal applause follows; though Sir Hilary's, who is disappointed at Gwendoline's non-appearance, can scarcely be called animated.

Five minutes pass away. The music that fills up the interval, has ceased. Fans grow much more silent as the second act commences. The heroine, Miss Gore, is in her dressing room, looking almost handsome in a priceless morning robe. A gentle soliloquy follows; and then, from the wing, a maid, dressed in a quiet linen gown, a faultless cap, an irreproachable apron, glides slowly on to the stage.

Sir Hilary's heart stops beating. He half rises from his seat—is it Mrs Wyndham's servant, or Lady Gwendoline Primrose? He grows very pale, his eyes meets hers, and then all at once he knows.

When the act is over, and the curtain falls, he leaves the room, and going through an outer apartment pushes his way into the impromptu green room. Finding Gwendoline there, with a slightly embarrassed expression upon her usually laughing face, he draws her unresistingly into an adjoining room, and deliberately shuts the door.

"It was you, then, all through," his face white with agitation. "You was in Ireland the last time I was there. Oh! how I persecuted Wyndham about you, and went half mad because I could learn nothing. My darling, why did you not tell me before?"

"Tell you what?" withdrawing her hand with a rather nervous laugh. "That I had been to Ireland in my time? And pray, Sir Hilary, who gave you permission to call me your 'darling'—you, a young man addicted to par——"

"Do not jest now," entreatingly. "You were at Mrs. Wyndham's last autumn. I cannot be mistaken. Is it not so?"

"You are so positive I do not dare to contradict you."

"But how was it? It is the most amazing thing! What induced you to take up such a part in real earnest?"

"Mind I do not commit myself, but I will suppose a case for you. Perhaps Georgie was in despair, because she had people coming to dinner and her own maid had deserted her; perhaps she had a good friend given to private theatricals, who undertook to save her from social extinction; perhaps the good friend helped a certain gentleman to all she had of the best, and," archly, "got cruelly stared at for her pains! Oh! Sir Hilary, how badly you did behave."

Turning to a side table, she takes up an open bottle of champagne, salver, and a glass, and having filled the latter presents it to him, in due form.

"Champagne, sir?' she says demurely.

"How it recalls everything,' exclaims he. Then, in a properly matter of fact tone, taking the glass from her, he says, "Thank you, I will drink—if you will allow me to pledge you."

"Under what name?" smiling. "Jemima Jane, or Lady Gwendoline Primrose?"

"Neither." He has grown very grave, and somewhat pale and anxious. Touching the wine with his lips he says, "I here pledge the future Lady Gwendoline Tremaine!"

Gwendoline blushes generously, and involuntarily moves a few steps from him; and yet in spite of her evident emotion, a slight smile still hovers round her lips.

"Are you sure you know to whom you are proposing?" she says. "Without this cap and apron I shall cease to be the heroine of Ballykillruddereen. Is it Mrs. Wyndham's maid you love, or indeed myself?"

"How can I tell? They are both so blended in my brain. For the future (for your sake) all parlor-maids shall be precious in my sight."

"Oh no, I hope not," says Gwendoline. Then, very softly, and with a charming smile, "Think how jealous, how wretched, that would make me."

"Then you accept me—you do, indeed, love me?" exclaims he eagerly, slipping his arm round her; and Gwendoline, with a glance, half shy, half tender, lays her hand in his.

The Mogul's Daughter.

BY J. C.

IT was the summer of the year 1651. Shah Jehan, grandson of the mighty Akbar, had been for four and twenty years on the throne of the great Mogul. He was the most magnificent and luxurious of all the Moguls. Before the radiant and amazing splendors of his court all the pomp and glory of the greatest monarchs of the West paled into insignificance. Not Solomon in all his glory could compare in lavish splendor with Shah Jehan the Great Mogul.

But passionately as Shah Jehan loved luxury and magnificence, gorgeous pageants, and splendid buildings, there was something he loved more passionately still, and that was his eldest daughter. In all his vast empire there was no lovelier, more charming, or more accomplished lady than the Padshah Begum. Shah Jehan idolised this his favorite child. His sons he distrusted and suspected, and not without reason he was himself destined to die a prisoner in the hands of his own son Aurungzebe, who deposed him. It was on his daughter, therefore, that he lavished all the tenderness that was in his heart. The Padshah Begum was now in her twenty second year, and in the full flower of her beauty and womanhood. Who could have dreamed that so fair a lily could be blighted in a single night?

It was an evening in July; Shah Jehan lay dozing under the gentle fanning of the punkah, when he was roused by a piercing shriek, followed in quick succession by a series of shrieks, each more heart rending and blood curdling than the last.

Suddenly the curtains were pushed aside, and a servant pale, trembling, and breathless, entered and prostrated himself before the Emperor. He was impatiently asked what his tidings were. Groaning and beating his breast with his hands, he stammered out his news—the news that the Padshah Begum had been burned to death!

It was but for a moment that Shah Jehan stood there petrified and horror stricken. In another instant he had darted off in the direction of the Princess' apartment to learn for himself whether the dreadful tidings were true or not.

He was like a maniac as he burst into the chamber where his daughter lay upon a couch, surrounded by her women wailing and wringing their hands. Already two of the court physicians were there, and were stripping the charred remnants of her robes from the scorched and blistered limbs. She was not indeed actually dead, as the messenger had reported, but she had fainted from the terrible agony of her wounds, and lay there quite unconscious.

The ghastly sight almost deprived the Great Mogul of his senses; distracted and overwhelmed with grief, he flung himself beside his beloved daughter, and passionately called upon her to speak to him. Then he turned to the physicians and implored them to restore his daughter to life, promising them the most extravagant rewards if they succeeded. But the physicians, however skilled they may have been at curing internal diseases, were bunglers at healing wounds. They shook their heads gravely, and seemed to think the case hopeless.

It was then that the Grand Vizier, bethought him of the English traders at Surat. He remembered that the surgeons who came over in the East-Indiamen had wrought some wonderful cures, and had acquired a high reputation for surgical skill. He therefore suggested to his master that an Express should be sent immediately to Surat, with order to travel day and night, and bring back with the utmost speed an English surgeon. This he did.

The *Hopewell* East-Indiaman had just arrived at Surat from England, when the imperial Express dashed into the settlement. The ship's chief surgeon, Gabriel Boughton, had gone ashore as the Mogul's message was announced. Without a moment's hesitation Boughton offered to return at once with the Express. And so, without parley, Gabriel Boughton started for Delhi.

Weary, anxious, and almost exhausted, we hoped we should not have to endure until he reached the Mogul's palace, and was rejoiced to learn that he was not too late. He was led at once to the apartments of the Padshah Begum, and there he found Shah Jehan, who had never left his daughter's side.

The moment he saw the face of the English surgeon, he rushed to him, clutched him by the arm, and in imploring accents besought him to cure his daughter, declaring on his sacred oath that whatever reward the surgeon might ask should be granted him, were he but successful. By his unwearying attention, his patient care, and skilful treatment, Gabriel Boughton succeeded in effecting a complete cure. The gratitude and joy of Shah Jehan knew no bounds. And the Grand Vizier, was commissioned to inform the fortunate surgeon that on a certain day the Great Mogul would grant him a special audience in state, that he might then claim his reward, and that whatever he might demand the Emperor pledged himself to grant.

Left to his own meditations, the surgeon pondered deeply over his position. He was young, he was good looking, he was ambitious. Here was a father whose heart was full of the most extravagant and reverential thankfulness towards him; here was a daughter equally grateful, and even more favorably disposed towards him than her father. What was to prevent him from asking her hand, and becoming the most powerful and influential personage at the court of the Great Mogul? The day appointed for the state-audience with the Great Mogul arrived. Seated on his splendid throne, the high heron plumes clasped with diamonds, adding majesty to his face, his dress one blaze of brilliants, by his side, unveiled, the beautiful Padshah Begum, around him his magnificent retinue of nobles, scarcely less gorgeously clad than himself, Shah Jehan prepared to receive the man who had done him a service which, as he gazed lovingly at the sweet face beside him, it seemed that the whole of his imperial treasury was hardly rich enough to repay.

The Englishman bowed low as he came into the presence of the Emperor. Then Shah Jehan beckoned him to come nearer, took him by the hand, and looking significantly at the Padshah Begum, bade him name his reward.

There was a breathless silence as the young Englishman opened his lips. And what was the price he claimed for his services? He asked for no private emolument; he sought no selfish advancement; he simply solicited that his countrymen, the traders of the East India Company, might have liberty to trade free of all duties in Bengal, and establish factories in that province!

What the Padshah Begum thought of this unromantic request, or whether she had ever dreamed of any such romantic termination to the episode, as the Grand Vizier had vaguely hinted at, history does not say. But Shah Jehan himself was profoundly impressed with the magnanimity and unselfishness of the surgeon, and gave his solemn word that the most ample privileges and opportunities for trading should be granted to the English merchants. Boughton had thought the matter out patiently and carefully, and had decided that the position of favorite and son in law of the Great Mogul, though dazzling, was precarious. So he dismissed the fanciful dreams which for a moment had filled his brain, and chose a humbler and more prudent course. But Shah Jehan would not hear of Gabriel Boughton's going empty-handed away. He invited him to take up his abode in the palace as chief court physician; and this invitation Gabriel thought it advisable to accept.

Several other successful cures following close upon that of the Padshah Begum established Gabriel Boughton's reputation, and spread his fame far and wide. His popularity was extraordinary, mainly perhaps, because, as he never meddled with political matters, foreign or domestic, no one was jealous of him. How long he remained at the court of Shah Jehan is uncertain; but he at anyrate did not leave until he had seen the Mogul's promises most amply fulfilled, and the Company reaping the fruits of these liberal concessions. The richest province of India was thrown open to the English traders, free of all duties and payments whatsoever; and from the granting of that extraordinary privilege the East India Company dated its first great stride towards the wealth and power which eventually made it the arbiter of the destinies of India.

A man's mind is a court, and his passions are all of them tricky lawyers. In ordinary times you cannot go into any court, and hear the statements of the counsel, without feeling that there is a great deal of ingenuity exerted to cover up some things and unduly magnify other things, so as to make out the best possible case for the side whose interest it is the desire of the special pleaders to advance. But there sits the old judge—stupid because he will be just; and he puts the lawyer right on this side, and puts the lawyer right on that side, and holds everything to the law and to the fact, that he may come at justice, at least in theory. Now every man has a judge within him—his conscience, and there are many men whose consciences have been bribed: and when they are presiding over the court, which is constantly held in the heart, they are all the while excusing themselves for giving their adherence to things that are wrong. And this happens not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but scores of times, in the experience of men; and they need to be reminded that, in every case, appeal is made to a court where righteous judgments are declared; they need to get such visions of the Judgment Day that they shall hold their breath, that their consciences shall not dare to be bribed, and that they shall look at everything in the light of eternal justice.

Many of the mines on the mountains around Leadville, Col., have suspended work for the winter, being inaccessable in consequence of snow. Those that can be worked are carried on with difficulty, and prospecting is not easy. The snow is from two to eight feet deep.

If Success be the true test of merit, it is certainly a settled fact that "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds, and throat troubles.

Up The River.

BY W. A. Z.

ALF DIXON, Tom Giffard, and I had gone up the river camping out. It was early morning on the third day, glorious weather. I was in the boat, getting the steering lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank, talking to Dr. Rawle. As I understood it, the Doctor was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics and that one of his charges had escaped. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been taking a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us.

As Giffard and Dixon were saying good bye, preparatory to getting into the boat, the Doctor laughingly said: 'Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of forty four or five, tall and bony, iron-gray hair, and has a curious habit of shewing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic; for on most points he's as right as you and I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do, don't let him lose his temper; for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes in for murder—he's all but done for two keepers already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen.'

Presumably, we had come for river beauties and the camping out; presumably; but as a matter of fact there was a young lady lived not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lilian Travers. And having come so far, we hoped we should not have to return until at least we had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with Mister—there was no Missis. We had met the young lady at several dances and such-like; but on each occasion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs Mackenzie. Apparently Mr Travers was not a party-man. But Lilian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhopeful she would get that chance now.

We went lazily on, just dipping the oars in and out. We were dreaming and lazying, when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees. He was close to us—not a dozen feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. He had a stick in his hand, and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat. He had light whiskers, a heavy drooping moustache, hair unusually long, and iron-gray in color.

We were passing on, when he raised his stick, and shouted out: 'Stop!'

We stopped, although it was an unusual method of calling attention.

'Gentlemen,' he said, still at the top of his voice, 'I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long way to go, and I am tired.'

'I am afraid,' said Alf, 'we have hardly room; she's only built for three.'

'Oh, that doesn't matter,' he said; 'you can put me anywhere, or I'll take an oar for one of you.'

I was on the point of advising a point-blank refusal, not appreciating his off hand manner; but Alf thought differently.

'All right,' said he; 'we don't mind, if you don't.—Steer her in, Jack.'

I steered her in. No sooner were we near the shore, than quite unexpectedly he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side; and without asking with your leave or by your leave, took the steering-lines from my hands, and slipped them over his shoulders.

'Excuse me,' I said, making a snatch at them; 'but if you'll allow me.'

'Not at all,' he said; 'I always like something to do, and I expect you've had enough of it. When are you going to start?'

'Perhaps,' said Alf, a bit nettled, 'as you're in our boat a self invited guest, you'll let us choose our own time.'

The stranger said nothing; he sat stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off rowing, the stranger steered right across the stream.

'Where are you going?' said Alf. 'Keep us in.'

'I'm going into the shade; the sun's too strong.'

Suddenly he turned on me short and sharp. And at once I noticed his left eye going up and down like a winking owl, his mouth was wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a flash Dr. Rawle's words crossed my mind, 'tall, strong, about forty five, iron-gray hair, a habit of shewing his teeth and winking his left eye.' Gracious powers! was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares?

Dr. Rawle's warning, 'Don't let him lose his temper, or murder will ensue,' made me bound from my seat like a Jack-in-the box. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I don't care. It went up and down like a swing, it was a miracle he wasn't over.

'Is the fellow mad?' roared Alf.

At the word mad the stranger rose up straight as a post. 'Mad!' he said, 'do you know sir——' He checked himself and sat down. 'Pooh,' he's only a boy.'

In passing Tom, I whispered in his ear, 'The lunatic,' I said.

'What!' said Tom right out loud.

'Hold your row, you confounded donkey! It's the man from Dr. Rawle's!'

'The'——

He was going to say something naughty—I know he was, but he stopped short, and stared at him with all his eyes. All at once I felt the boat give a great throb. I turned: there was the stranger leaning half out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have had him look at me.

'What's the meaning of this insolence?' he said.

'I beg your pardon,' said Alf, cool as a cucumber. 'To what insolence do you refer?'

Tom actually chuckled; I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal; it seemed to me not only imprudent but risky; I couldn't forget Dr. Rawle's words about his homicidal tendencies. He turned red as a lobster; I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before—perfectly demoniacal. To my surprise, he sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible.

'Thank you,' he said; 'I shall not forget this.'

There was a sound about his 'I shall not forget this,' I did not relish. I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool, they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behavior before their furtive glances was peculiar; he saw he was being watched; and seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into a paroxysm every second.

No one spoke. We went slowly along, watching each other. At last he said something.

'I—I will get out,' he said, in an odd nervous way.

'With pleasure,' said Alf; 'in a minute.'

'Why not now? Why not now sir?' he said, seeming to shake from head to foot.

'Where are you going to get?—into the river?' I admired Alf's coolness, I envied him. I only hoped he wouldn't let it carry him too far.

The man glowered at him; for a moment he looked him full in the face. I never saw a look in a man's eyes like that in his. Alf returned him look for look. Slightly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened his stroke. A little lower down was a little hamlet with a well known inn and a capital landing stage. When we came alongside, the stranger said: 'This will do; I'll get out here.'

He turned the boat inshore. No sooner were we near enough, than he rose in his seat and sprang on to the beach. There were several people about. Alf was after him in an instant; he rose almost simultaneously and leapt on shore; he touched him on the shoulder.

'Now, come,' he said, 'don't be so foolish; we know all about it.'

The other turned on him like a flash of lightning. 'What do you mean?'

But Tom was too quick for him; he was on the other side, and took his arm. 'Come,' he said, 'don't let's have a row.'

The stranger raised himself to his full height, and shook off Tom with ease. He then hit out right and left in splendid style. Tom and Alf went down like ninepins. But my blood was up. I scrambled on shore and ran into him, dodged his blows, and closed. I am pretty strong. He was old enough to be my father; but I found I had met my match, and more. I was like a baby in his arms; he lifted me clean off my feet, and threw me straight into the river. It was a splendid exhibition of strength.

Tom and Alf finding their feet, made for him together; and scrambling out as best I could, I joined suit. You never saw such a set-out. We clung to him like leeches. The language he used was awful; his strength magnificent; though we were three to one, he was a match for all of us. Of course the by standers seeing a row, came up; they interfered, and pulled us off.

'Here's a pretty go!' said one. 'What's all this?'

'Stop him! lady hold him!' said Alf; 'he's a lunatic!'

'A what?' said the man.

'He's a lunatic, escaped from Dr. Rawle's asylum!'

Instead of lending a hand, the man went off into a roar of laughter, and the others joined. The stranger looked literally frantic with rage. A gentleman stepped out from the crowd. 'There's some mistake,' he said; 'this gentleman is Mr. Travers of Tollhurst Hall.'

You could have knocked us all three down with a feather I do believe. Could it be possible? Could we have been such consummate idiots as to have mistaken a sane man for a lunatic? and that man Lilian Travers' father! I could have shrunk into my boots, I could have run away and hid myself in bed. To think that we should have dogged, and watched, and insulted and assaulted the man of all others in whose good books we wished to stand—Lilian Travers' father!

We tendered our apologies as best we could to the man we had so insulted; but he treated us and them with loftiest scorn, and we got one after another into the boat amidst the gibes and jeers of an unsympathetic crowd. And as we moved from the wretched place as fast as our oars would take us, we each of us in our secret heart declared we never should forget our adventure up the river with a lunatic. And we haven't. From that day to this, I have never seen Lilian Travers, nor do I wish to.

New Publications.

Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co. of Chicago, publish "A New Method for the Study of English Literature," by Louise Manis. It consists of a series of questions, the answers to which fix in the mind the history and development of literature, with the essential facts relating to the influence upon it of the more eminent authors. These answers are to be collected from a list of books which is given, such works being assumed to be read, in a greater or less degree, by the student. The work is interleaved with blank paper throughout, for the purpose of affording space for memoranda.—Sold by Lippincott & Co.

"The Skin and its Troubles," is the title of the latest addition to the "Health Primers," published by Appleton & Co. Among the subjects discussed which indicate the character of the book are Structure of the Skin, the functions of the Skin, Skin Troubles from Poisonous Clothing &c, The Hair and its Ordinary Management, all of which are treated in a simple comprehensive form. The danger resulting from neglect and the importance of maintaining a healthy condition of the skin, are clearly pointed out. As there is a wide diversity of opinion on the subject of how to treat the skin, these rules will prove a very satisfactory guide. Bound in a neat cloth volume, price 40 cts. and for sale by Claxton Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Appleton & Co. have published a small, handy volume, entitled, 'Appleton's Dictionary of New York," illustrated by two maps, and Compiled by Townsend Percy. It is an Index and Guide to Places, Institutions, Societies, Amusements, Resorts, and all other things in and about the city of New York in regard to which the stranger or the citizen may need or desire information, which is given in a clear, concise form. It supplies a long felt need, and not only strangers, but residents will find its contents of the greatest practical advantage as a city guide book. It will have a wide field of usefulness. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price 30 cts.

There is always an entertaining originality about Jules Verne's stories which amuse the reader if they don't instruct, and their brightness redeem their utter improbability. One of these skillfully arranged plots is to be found in the story of "The Tribulations of a Chinaman in China," excellently translated by Virginia Champlin, and published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston. The story is based upon the purchase of a life insurance policy by a Chinaman who attempts to get himself killed and then tries to save his life. It is a melange of tragic and comic incidents, related in Verne's irresistably amusing style, and is one of the most readable of his stories. For sale by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Messrs. Appleton & Co., have republished in their 'Handy Volume Series," "Christie Johnson," by Charles Reade, which is considered one of the best of the author's works, and published in this handy style will renew its popularity. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. Price, 30 cents.

"In Prison and Out," by Hesba Stretton, is one of those religious stories, the scenes of which are laid in the poor phases of life, among people who "have learned how to pinch hard, how to eat little enough, and how to wear the scantiest clothing, and are always trying to trick Nature out of her simplest demands." The only son of a poor widow goes out to beg for her and is arrested for vagrancy and sent to prison for three months. It is the strong hand of circumstance which sends him downward and keeps him there. There is an intense pathos in the story, the incidents of which are sadly realistic and shows to one half of the society how the other half lives. Published by Dodd Mead & Co., of New York, and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price, $1 00.

"The Twins of Table Mountain, and other stories," by Bret Harte, have been collected and published in the attractive "Little Classics" style, by Messrs. Houghton & Osgood, New York. The first story which gives its name to the book, occupies one hundred pages, and is one of those strong unique pictures of mountain and mining character in which Bret Harte has become inimitable. The other stories are: 'An Heiress of Red Dog," "The Great Deadwood Mystery,' 'A Legend of Sammamish,' and 'Views from a German Spion,' all of which are full of incident, pathos and freshness, and the author's admirers will find in them his usual fascination. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price $1 25.

"An Earnest Trifler," is an anonymous novel, but which from the style we suppose to be by Howells, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the scenes of which are laid in the eastern part of Massachusetts, or, to be more specific, in the neighborhood of the Hoosac Tunnel. The writer evidently has experience of the world and has fresh views upon the topics which in great society in our day. It is a work of much more than ordinary cleverness, brilliant incisive, and with a decided infusion of pungent wit. As an example of intellectual individuality "An Earnest Trifler" has rare and obvious merits, which render it well worthy attention. Published by Houghton Osgood & Co., and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price, $1 25.

"The Markets of Paris," by Emile Zola, author of "L'Assommoir," etc., translated from the French by John Stirling, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. It is a remarkable work, and is the one which Zola calls his very best novel, and of which he is far more proud than any others in his Rougon Macquart series—prouder than of "L'Assommoir." In truth, "The Markets of Paris" stands as utterly alone in the modern French literature, as it is distinct and apart even as Zola himself. It is published in a large square duodecimo volume, paper cover, price 75 cents.

"A Man Every Inch of Him or the story of Frank Fullerton's School Days." By J. Jackson Wray, is another of the recent additions of Children's Literature, published by Cassell, Potter & Galpin of London. It depicts the incidents of a boy's school life, in which the hero encounters the usual haps and mishaps incidental to a boy's life, which show the weakness and strength of his character and the gradual self control which developes his manhood. The book is attractively bound and illustrated and is for sale by Lippincott. Price $1.50.

A charming contribution to Children's Literature, is a story entitled "Little Hinges" by Madeline Bonavia Hunt, and published by Cassell, Potter & Galpin of London and New York. The story the scene of which is laid in England, is full of the incidents of child life, and shows how many great things in life may turn on small hinges. It tells the fortunes of a family of children whose father is wrongfully accused and convicted of a crime; how his innocence is brought about the youthful reader, will enjoy finding in the pages of the book. It is very prettily bound and illustrated, and for sale by Lippincott. Price $1.50.

"Room for One More," by Mary Thatcher Higginson, is the title of a charmingly written story of a family of children who receive in their midst a poor motherless boy. The author has drawn from their life some very natural pictures of juvenile character, their joys and sorrows are told in a pleasing, natural style, which point out some useful lessons of self-control, in a way much more readily learned by the youthful reader than through wearying moralising. It is indeed a charming story, charmingly told. Published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, for sale by Lippincott, of this city.

"Mildred at Roseland's," a sequel to "Mildred Keith" is the title of one of those simple, unaffected stories, especially intended for young girls, by Martha Finley. Those who have read "Mildred Keith" will find great pleasure in participating with her pleasant visit to Rowland's through the pages of this volume. The story is interspersed with a variety of incidents, some of which are quite tragic. As the author states, the story ends quite abruptly, but she promises another volume while the charming little "Elsie the Heiress of Viamede," has her story told in the Elsie series by the same author. The book is attractively bound in cloth. Price, $1 25 and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, have added to their attractive series of "Famous American Indians" a charming biographical sketch of "Pocahontas," by Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye. The series has been admirably calculated to arouse an interest in early American history by giving instructive historical facts, sufficiently tinged with the glamour of romance to attract youthful readers. The character of 'Pocahontas" is especially attractive in being the heroine familiar to all through the many legends of romance interwoven with her life. So much of her history is of a mere legendary character the authors have rejected much which was unreliable, but by so doing making it more reliable to the reader. They have included the adventures of Smith in the Turkish wars as related by himself, and the trials and battles of the early settlers of Jamestown. The subject is treated in a pleasing, natural style which adds to its interest as well as enlists that of the reader. Bound in cloth, with an illustrated cover. Price $1 25 and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Some idea of the magnitude of Hon. D. F. Beatty's new piano and organ factory at Washington N. J. may be formed when it is known that already three hundred tons of timber, forty tons of slate, and over four hundred windows have been used in its construction.

The Walter Baker & Co's. Chocolate, if you desire the best in the market. The verdict of experts both in Europe and America, has for many years confirmed to its great excellence.

Good Evidence.

When such men as the Rev. Dr. Kendig, Rev. Dr. Hervey, Rev. Prof. Greene, Prof. Green, Dr. Hartley, Rev. John K. M[illegible], R. W. Neff and a host of other equally reliable citizens certify over their own signatures, that Warner's safe Kidney and Liver cure, is the greatest remedy they have ever used, it is time to discard doubt on the subject.

Our Young Folks.

KING KOBOLD THE FIRST.

BY JULIUS STURNE.

MANY years ago a poor laborer's son called his sister and said to her mysteriously, "You don't know what I know, and if you knew what it is you would be ready to jump up to the ceiling for joy."

"Should I then do tell me what it is," coaxed his sister.

"If I like I can be a king this very night."

At this the girl laughed heartily.

"You would be a fine king in your torn jacket," sneered she.

"I shall not keep my old jacket," answered the future monarch; "I shall have a red mantle embroidered with gold, and a golden crown, and if you like you can be a princess and wear a beautiful robe, and when I sit on my golden throne you can sit next to me on a silver throne. We shall have a golden castle, and feast on the most delicious food every day, and never have to gather wood in the forest again."

"But how is all this to happen," asked his bewildered sister; "our parents are so very poor!"

The boy looked very wise and began: "I dreamt last night that—"

He could say no more, for his sister interrupted him with a loud laugh and an exclamation of "Now I have it! a dream! Thank you! I do not wish to become a *dream* princess." She made an ugly face at him and was going to run away, but he caught her frock and said angrily—

"Hear me out; you have not heard the best yet. What I told you I certainly only saw in a dream, but when I had seen the castle I suddenly felt somebody pull my ear. I woke, the moon was shining brightly and I saw at my bedside a little man with a long grey beard and a brown, wrinkled face. He gazed at me with grave bright eyes, and put his finger on his mouth as if to say hush! Then he asked me in a whisper if the dream had pleased me and whether I should like to be a king and live in a golden castle. When I nodded assent he continued, 'If everything is to happen as you have dreamt it, come into the wood with your sister to-night when the moon rises, and wait for me by the large fir tree—you know which. But remember this one condition, when you are in the golden castle you must not let a single tear fall on the ground, or all the magnificence will vanish and we poor kobolds shall again be without a king.' Now, sister, you must promise me that you will not cry in the golden castle—you are always crying."

As his sister now wished very much to become a princess, she promised not to cry, and they agreed to go into the wood together towards evening and wait for the moon to rise. But long before twilight came on they crept away, for they feared their parents would keep them at home when they returned from work as it was Saturday, and there was plenty to do in the house.

The children went hand-in-hand to the great fir tree, seated themselves on the soft moss, and waited for the moon to rise.

In a little while the girl said, "I can't help thinking of our parents, and it makes me feel very sad. I should so like to cry—may I cry now?"

"Oh yes, you may cry now, we are not in the golden castle yet. Have a good cry while we are still out here in the forest."

She cried till she fell fast asleep, and her brother sat by her thinking of nothing but how nice it would be to be a king, till at length he also grew tired and sleepy and began to nod.

When the brother and sister awoke they were surprised to find each other in the most splendid clothes. The boy had on black velvet small clothes and a shining coat of dark blue silk; from his shoulders hung a red mantle embroidered with gold, and on his curly black hair shone a golden crown. His sister's dress was of sky blue silk covered with silver stars, and on her fair hair rested a coronet of glittering jewels.

While they were looking at each other speechless from astonishment the little man with the grey beard stood before them saying, "Welcome, welcome, it was very good of you to come." Then he blew on a small silver horn he wore by his side, and at the signal a long procession of grey bearded kobolds appeared carrying a gold and silver litter resting on ebony staves under a magnificent canopy. The boy placed himself on the golden litter, his sister on the silver one. Slowly and solemnly the procession moved through the forest to a splendid palace. Here they entered a hall in which stood two thrones, one of gold the other of silver. Four lion's claws served as feet to the golden throne, and its arms were artistically carved eagles with extended wings, while the other throne was supported by four silver lilies with silver swans for the arms.

The boy seated himself on the first throne and the girl took possession of the second. Hardly had they done so than a gentle approving whisper went round the room, and the little men passed before the throne bowing low and saying, "Long live King Kobold the First!"

At this the king rose hastily, and said, "My name is not Kobold, it is Fritz; ask my sister, she knows as well as I."

The little girl nodded her assent, but the dwarf who had first greeted the children in the forest, stepped before the throne, bowed, and said respectfully—

"May your gracious Majesty pardon me, if I allow myself to remark, that from this day forward your Majesty's name is no longer Fritz, but Kobold the First, for from this time forth your Majesty is the King of all dwarfs, kobolds, and gnomes."

"If such be the case," said King Kobold graciously "I will consent to it."

As he spoke a kobold, bearing a staff in his hand, approached the throne, and announced that the banquet was ready.

"I am right glad to hear it," said the king, "for I am very hungry."

A golden door opened and disclosed a long table covered with dainty viands. The king and his sister descended from the throne and took seats at the head of the table, and then all the courtiers seated themselves round it.

The children enjoyed their repast very much. When it was over they were conducted to a beautiful room in which stood a gold and a silver bed. The boy as king took the golden bed, and the girl the silver one.

As they rested on the soft down, Fritz said, "Sister, how do you like our golden castle? Nothing in the whole wide world can be more beautiful."

The girl assented, but added with a sigh, "If only father and mother were here!"

"That is my only wish, too," said her brother; "I wonder what our dear parents are doing now."

"Ah!" sighed the girl again, "they will look for us, and when they do not find us they will weep."

"Yes, that they certainly will, for they were so fond of us. When we do not return home they will think the wolf has eaten us, as he ate little Red Riding Hood."

"Don't be angry with me," whispered the little girl, "I could not help crying. I have let two tears fall on the bed, but none on the floor. You are very quiet—are you crying too?"

"Yes," came a whispered answer from the golden bed, "I thought I heard our good father calling us, and his voice sounded so full of anxiety, and was—so—sad. But I have caught all my tears in my hand, not one has fallen on the ground."

For a little longer they both cried quietly in their beds, till at last the little girl sobbed out, "Shall you always be a king, and shall we never go back to our dear parents? I cannot bear that, I shall die of wanting to see them, and then you will be alone in your golden castle."

"I thought it was easier and nicer to be a king," sighed her brother; "the golden crown rubbed my forehead till it was quite sore. I would rather gather wood with you in the forest than always sit on a golden throne, that is such dull work."

"I'll tell you what we will do," said the princess; "we will each let a tear fall on the floor, and when our grandeur has vanished we will go home to our parents."

This was just what our brother wished so each of them dropped a tear on the floor when immediately a cry of woe resounded through the castle. It thundered, and the castle rocked so violently that the brother and sister sprang trembling from their beds, screamed aloud, and lost consciousness.

The castle disappeared, the children lay for dead on the cold ground, and the kobolds stood round them sorrowing.

The dwarfs hung their heads in silence, for they had wished very much to have a king from the human race. At length they mournfully dressed the children in their own old clothes, carried them silently out of the mountain into the forest, and laid them on the soft moss under the fir tree.

Later in the day, when the brother and sister were once more collecting dry wood in the forest, the boy said, "Do you remember how I wore a red mantle and a crown, and sat on a golden throne?"

His sister nodded and answered, "Of course I must remember it, for I sat next you as a princess on a silver throne, and had a blue dress covered with silver stars."

"If we had not let our tears fall on the floor I should still have been a king and you a princess. But I am not at all sorry," he added looking with a smile at his old mended jacket.

"I am still less sorry," answered his sister, "it is a thousand times nicer to be with father and mother than in the golden castle."

"I think so too," said Fritz, "still I am glad that I was once a king."

Lord Beaconsfield cannot confine himself to the manuscript when he writes out a speech, and is positive to make another when on the platform. Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown," had the same dilemma of written thoughts, and in one address omitted a fine peroration, which the London papers printed in accord of its beauty and eloquence, although it was known that it was not delivered.

Gen. Tom Thumb is 45 years old, and weighs 4 pounds.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS.

No. 443. LOOPHOLE.

No. 444.
G A B
A L L
B E E
N U N
E N D
T O E

No. 445. SAWDUST.

No. 446.
A
E N O
A N O N A
O N E
A

No. 447. MATRIMONY. (Ma try money.)

No. 448.
T A R G E T
A V E R S E
R E P A S T
G R A V E R
E S S E R A
T E T R A D

No. 449. EMBROGLIO.

No. 450.
J
R V D
C E R E S
R E A T E I N
J E R U S A L E M
D E F A C E D
S I L E S
N E D
M

No. 451. PONTENDS

No. 452.
C O N T A T E
O P P O R E S
N E F A N E S
T O N T I N E
A S C I T A N
T R E N A G E
E S S E N E S

No. 453. FOOTPAD

No. 454.
L
P A R
P A C E R
P A R T N E R
P A R O U S E D
D A N C E D U C A T I O N
R E H E A R I N G
R E T R I E S
R E I N S
D I T O
M

No. 455. NUMERICAL.

A late you'll find in 1, 2, 3,
A note 4, 5, 6, 7;
To wind or twist in both you'll see
Composed of letters seven.

Oakland, Cal. HAWAII S. GAGE.

No. 456. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Four letter words.)

1. A measure. 2. A town of Spain. 3. A piece of plant. 4. Death. 5. A fillet. 6. A journey. 7. Likewise.

FEMALES—A thin oval-shaped board.
FEMALES—Oriental.

Philadelphia, Pa. JONATHAN.

No. 457. CHARADE.

In the "Wars of Grab" WHOLE
I dressed as a PIRAT,
And loudly I cursed,
(I did, by my soul,)
As the sting I did feel
Of the LAST on my heel.

Decatur, Ala. BOB COX.

No. 458. DIAMOND.

The 1 is in Philadelphia.
The 1 2 3 is a rope dancer's pole.
The 1 2 3 4 5 is an animal.
The 3 4 5 is a pronoun.
The 5 is in Massachusetts.

Milton, Mass. DORIS OBSERVER.

No. 459. TRIPLE CROSS-WORDS.

In holiday but not in week
In shoulder bone but not in cheek,
In avenue but not in neck,
In whooping crane but not in rook,
In magistrate but not in clerk,
Sweetbread cream, heavenly blisses,
Nectar, peaches, ormolu;
Whispered musings, secret wooings,
Wild waves by the roam,
Cupid flying, rocks defying,
Cupid's darling bow
Arrows swelling through hearts heading
Lies from Mars and the
Love made meetings, bachelors' greetings,
Worry not a result;
All these blisses, all these blisses,
Constitute the WHOLE.

Lima, Ohio. TRADDLES.

No. 460. SQUARE.

1. River in a sacred place or fane,
From certain islands comes the name.
2. The KEEF, a fruit is always found,
When Autumn's glories shine around.
3. For verse, you name a forest bird,
Its melodies how oft you've heard.
4. The [illegible] denotes to moan or sighing
Anxiety hires upon the wing.
5. [illegible]
[illegible] quickly now I make.

Philadelphia, Pa. POGGOTTY.

No. 461. ANAGRAM.

Said Marvin Green,
WHEN MY NINETEEN
FLUG OPERATORS CHAT,
They endure that

Oft makes me sick,
My heart goes pit-a-pat.

Now Sammy Well—
Er little fell—
Er, try this knot and see
A Corpora—
Tion which they say
Its name spells with a W E.

Sedalia, Mo. EF PEN.

No. 462. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1. Composed of different sorts. 2. One who is in want. 3. Crippled. 4. Possessing the peculiar qualities of metrical composition. 5. To leave room, to be filled by anticipated profits. 6. A greenish, gelatinous, translucent plant.

DOWN:—1. Intemperance. 2. A conjunction. 3. A male name. 4. A venturesome act. 5. A peculiar mode of expression. 6. Pertaining to an ancient town. 7. A prefix signifying back. 8. Diligent students. (U. S.) 9. A part townsman. 10. A denial. 11. Intemperance.

Sedalia, Mo. JIM HASTIC.

No. 463. CHARADE.

To compliment a lady fair,
Upon her soft and shining hair
Is often FIRST, you will declare.
When first I donned a pair of pants,
My joy spread o'er a wide expanse
But soon I wakened from my trance—
For one day as I was sliding down a yellow pine board, with those aforesaid breeches, I discovered, after through with my sport, that there was an awful SECOND in them as big as a Chicago girl's mouth.
Quite loud and long my THIRD can bray
And masticate a wisp of hay;
Moreover when Tompkins lavishes peanuts on another fellow's girl, the latter young gentleman is apt to apply the above rather strong appellation to him.
I now will ask you all to choose
A letter egotists abuse—
But may be this is scanty news,
The FIFTH—an article—though not
A chair or table, stove or pot,
A tenet wild and specious here
For LAST will surely meet appear,
As Edison's Electric Light
A creed taught by an ancient sect
For WHOLE you now at once detect.

Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 464. HALF SQUARE.

1. A flower bud. 2. One of a group of scaly reptiles. 3. Complying. 4. Half notes. 5. A town of Naples. 6. The upright piece in framing. 7. Overlays with tinfoil. 8. A patch. 9. A negative prefix. 10. A letter.

New York City. JARVY.

No. 465. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

Why goest thou to Barnum's Show,
To see the obese lady?
Why plantest thou thy dollar down,
To hear Signora Grady?
Why art thou by catch-pennies caught
When a MAN WOMAN thou canst see for naught?

Wild Hog! Wild Hog! Ah rhythmic jingle,
The men of thy race are few,
And while my tears with thy blood doth mingle
I can't help thinking that you,
Would far better be in the lands agrarian
Hunting with thin SAVAGE BARBARIAN.

New York City. TWENTY MCQUILL.

No. 466. DIAMOND.

1. What's in a name? Why certain as a clam
Enjoys high water in a name I am.
2. There is a man, I can't remember names,
Who quite a SECOND reputation claims.
3. He will not work, yet does day after day
But lounges around—and THIRD his time away.
4. There are some writings more or less of worth
Whose style bears evidence of being poor'rt
5. This kingdom's downfall Daniel did foretell,
Unto the Persians and the Medes as well.
6. This treats of mammals—animals who claim
Mammiferous as a portion of their name.
7. From the opponent's reputation each
Stump speaker SEVENTH when beyond his reach.
8. Did e'er this race for office race or jump,
Or did they stump who now are but a stump?
9. The man I mentioned once before off NEXT,
And when he loses certainly is vexed.
10. A town in Norway, o'er the frozen deep
Where Winter doth eternal visit keep.
11. Among your letters, Goose Quill, you have got
TWENTIETH snugly hidden, it is, what?

☞ Twenty-five Cents for the first solution.

Santa Clara, Cal. COMET.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS.

1. The Post six months for FIRST COMPLETE list.
2. The Post three months for NEXT BEST list.
3. Twenty-five Cents for first solution to No. 466.

SOLVERS

Cerebrations of October 4th were solved by Waverly, A. Reiver, Poore Vere, Ef Pen, O. W. T., Goose Quill, O. Possum, Traddles, Poggotty, Effendi, A. Nimey, Grahamnewj, Theron.

No Complete Lists.

PRIZE WINNERS

1. Wet wob.
2. Waverly, - - New York City.
3. Phoenix, - - Rondout, N. Y.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Asiaw—Numerical and Charade. Goose Quill—Double Crosswords (Answer Diamond). Poore—Two Squares (Charade and Anagram Contributed). Adastam—Gil Blas—Charade and Acrostic.

LITTLE LETTERS.

ASIAW—Good Numericals and Charades are especially desirable, and you have made us doubly happy with your last two.

GOOSE QUILL—Glad to hear that you have been elected King of the Cannibal Islands. Don't forget Cerebrations when you are out on the Pacific.

OPOSSUM—We have placed one Eleven to your credit, and have our Telescope out looking for more of the same size and build.

SONIA—Your Double Sixes win the game, and trust you will now cheer up. The "PLAIN," you know, are always needed.

G. SENTENNEY—Make your Anagrams refer to the origin of letters as much as possible. Could make a charming list!

GIL BLAS—Truly delighted. We have been more than startled by reading your last Acrostic, and put the Charade—just prime, and no mistake about it. Come often.

CYRIL DRAKE—We take no Puzzler's word for any puzzle. If we did, we would soon dig our own grave. Every definition to a puzzle for Cerebrations, must be proven, and unless it can stand the test, it is out of the slightest possible use to WILKINS MICAWBER.

BETWEEN THE CORN.

BY LEONARD LLOYD.

I stand in a field of mellowing corn,
And list for the footfall of some one dear:
The songs of the reapers from cornlands near
Are on the wings of the breezes borne,
Far over the sea of shimmering wheat,
To where, with my heart throbbing fast, I stand,
With great red poppies aglow at my feet,
And the ripe ears nodding on either hand.

Will she keep this tryst and come to me now,
With joy on her lips and light in her eyes,
Which tells of the love dart that hidden lies,
While a soft flush mantleth cheek and brow?
Or shall I wait for her steps in vain,
While hope is slain in the breast where 'twas born?
Nay, my heart makes answer, "She cometh again,
Down the tiny pathway between the corn."

O love, you are fairer than lips can frame;
I look in your eyes and I read your soul,
The passion that mocketh at all control
The world may call but folly, and blame
That it claims for its own, as I claim you here,
The daughter of one who is great in the land;
But I care not so that you love me, dear,
I care not so that I hold your hand.

They say you are heiress until you wed,
But the hour that you link your life to mine,
Shall be the last of your wealth—for dead
To the home that was here shall my young wife be,
And robbed of the gold that her father stored;
Yet, darling, you still shall be queen of me
And a tiny cottage where Love is lord.

You are glad, do you say, to lose your wealth?
Ah, well! we have riches more prized than gold—
Riches that cannot be bought or sold;
We have love in our hearts, and youth and health;
So you need not fear to be wooed and wed,
And to bear my name from to-morrow morn;
For heaven will smile on the path that we tread
And the love first whispered between the corn.

RING STORIES.

AN Indian legend of Jarchus and his seven rings is thus related. The philosopher was deeply versed in the occult sciences, and was a magician of such power that he is said to have constructed a gold chair for himself, in which he could elevate his body to the highest sphere, and hold converse with the planets. In one of these excursions he received from a spirit seven rings of talismanic properties. The first displayed a diamond, denoting brilliancy of mind and purity of heart. The second, a ruby, expressive of the warm glow of benevolence. The third an emblem of eternal spring. The fourth a sapphire, indicating truth, being the tints of the heavens. The fifth, a topaz, betokening caution and sagacity. The sixth, a chrysolite, depicting a mind receiving its colors from the influence of the times and seasons. The seventh, an amethyst, emblem of piety and affinity. These rings Jarchus was commanded to take to earth, and by bestowing them on the most worthy, thus disseminate the seeds of virtue among mankind.

The "Navigium" of Eustathius contains some curious allusions to different points of popular belief formerly. One of the parties mentioned therein wishes for a set of rings to endow him with the following qualities and advantages: a never-failing store of health; a person invulnerable, invisible, of irresistible charms, and having the concentrated essence of ten thousand men; a power of flying through the air; of entering every dwelling house, however strongly secured; and of casting a deep sleep on whom he chooses.

Native historians of Turkey relate a dream of Othman, or Osman (from whom the designation of Ottomans is derived), which prefigured the future greatness of his race. He fancied that he saw a tree sprouting from his own person, which rapidly grew in size and foliage until it covered with its branches the three continents of Europe, Asia and Africa. Beneath the tree, four enormous mountains raised their snowy summits, Caucasus, Atlas, Taurus and Hæmus, apparently supporting like four columns the vast leafy tent. From the side of these mountains issued four rivers, the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Danube and the Nile. Suddenly the branches and leaves of the tree assumed the appearance of a glittering sabre, and moved together by the breeze, they turned towards Constantinople. That capital, placed at the juncture of two seas and two continents, seemed like a noble diamond set in a ring, between two sapphires and emeralds. Othman, was about to celebrate his nuptials with the Byzantine city, the capital of the world. By dint of the Koran and the sword, the dream of Othman was realized by his successors.

The origin of "St. Mark's ring" is thus given in the old chronicles of Venice. Two centuries after the translation of the remains of the saint to Venice, when the Emperor Henry the Third made an express pilgrimage to his shrine, the body had disappeared. The priests had recourse to prayers and fasting for its recovery, and the whole city was afflicted to tears, to abstinence and to supplication. At length the saint relented. One morning the sacristan, whose turn it was to attend the church in which the body ought to have been found, perceived on entering a fragrant odor and a brilliant light which issued from a particular column. The simple priest imagined that there was a fire, and ran up to extinguish it, nor was his alarm diminished when he saw a human arm protruding from the column. He hastened to the Doge and announced this marvel, and the Bishop and clergy, having been summoned, repaired with profound devotion to the church. There, as they knelt before the pillar, the arm dropped a ring from one of the fingers of its hand into the Bishop's bosom, and at the same time the column opened and displayed an iron coffin, enclosing the remains of the evangelist.

It is sad to record that the ring of the saint was stolen in 1535, and that though his body was deposited in a mysterious receptacle, known only to the Doge and certain special custodians it long ago disappeared.

With regard to the occult virtues of rings, they were numberless. We only remember reading of one, however, the special virtue of which consisted in directing the wearer the right road in traveling—an invaluable vade mecum. This useful ring belonged to a King of Lombardy, and was given to him by the queen-mother, when he went to gain in marriage the Soldan's daughter.

As a ring-omen of "good-luck," Plutarch tells us that a contention having arisen among the officers of Timoleon on the eve of a battle, he settled the controversy by lot, and taking a ring from each of the disputants, he cast them into his own robe, and having shaken them together, the first that he drew out and exposed to view had, by good fortune, the figure of a trophy engraved upon it; which, when the younger captains saw, they shouted with joy at the good omen, and without waiting any longer to see how chance would determine it for the rest, they pressed forward and gained the victory.

Curious customs are associated with rings: Captain Barnaby, in his famous "Ride to Khiva," says that a favorite amusement in Russia, when several girls are congregated together under the same roof, is to divine, by aid of a cock, which maiden is to be married first. Each girl, taking some corn, makes a small heap on the floor, and there conceals a ring. The bird is then introduced and let loose beside the corn. Presently he begins to peck at the heaps of grain. At last one of the rings is exposed to view, when its owner, according to popular belief, will outstrip her companions in the race for matrimony.

The mentions of Russia reminds us of a curious incident in connection with a ring, which occurred at Moscow during the reign of the Empress Catherine the Second. A rich nobleman, a collector of precious stones, met in company a stranger, who wore on his finger a ring of great value and beauty. After a conversation as to its worth, the nobleman offered him a considerable sum for it, which the stranger at first refused, not wishing to part with it. At length, to evade the repeated importunities of the nobleman, he declared he would not sell it, as the stones were not genuine. This declaration filled all the company with amazement. The nobleman desired to have the ring for a few days, giving a security for it, and then showed it to several jewelers, who declared the stones to be genuine, and of great value. He brought back the ring to its owner, who put it with great indifference into his waistcoat pocket. The negotiations began afresh, and the nobleman offered a sum which was near its true value. "This ring," observed the stranger, "is a token of friendship, but I am not rich enough to reject so large a sum as you offer for it. Yet this high offer is the very reason for my not complying. How can you offer so much money for a ring which the owner himself confesses to be made up of false stones?" The nobleman replied, "If your determination depends only on that, take at once the sum, and I call upon the gentlemen here present to witness that I voluntarily pay it."

The stranger took the money, and gave the nobleman the ring, repeating the declaration that the stones were false, and it was still time to make the purchase void.

The ring was afterwards found to be just as the seller stated. A false ring had been made exactly similar to the genuine one. The affair was brought before a court of law, but as the seller proved that during the whole business there was no question at all about the genuine stones, and that the purchaser expressly treated for a ring which he was told was false, a judgment was pronounced in his favor.

Grains of Gold.

Words of love are works of love.

Seeming difficulties generally vanish before faith, prayer, and perseverance.

Act well at the moment and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

There is no less grandeur in supporting great evils than in performing great deeds.

Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us.

An ounce of heart is worth a ton of culture; the mightiest force in the world is heart force.

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.

Life is a battle. From its earliest dawn to its latest breath we are struggling with something.

Sin produces fear, fear leads to bondage, and bondage makes each and every one of our duties irksome.

It is common for those who are farthest from God to boast themselves most of living near the church.

Virtue is an effort made upon ourselves for the good of others, with the intention of pleasing only God.

It is good to be early at our devotions. The morning is as good a friend to the graces as it is to the muses.

A man that has the love of God in his heart, is like the sun that shines and warms, though it does not speak.

It is not advisable to go out of doors without anything on your head, nor into company without anything in it.

Go straight on, and don't mind enemies. If they get in your way, walk calmly round them, regardless of their spite.

The greatest evils in life have had their rise from something which was thought of too little importance to be attended to.

It is dangerous for one to climb his family-tree too high, for he is very apt to get among dead and decayed branches.

When you are sick it comes easy to promise all sorts of reformations, and when you recover it is just as easy to forget them.

Every person has two educations—one which he has received from others, and one, the more important, which he gives himself.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will come forth a crop of rank weeds.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

The noblest building made with hands for spiritual ends must lack the perfection of grace and beauty, unless lit from the lamp of sacrifice.

Kindness is stowed away in the heart like rose-leaves in a drawer to sweeten every object about them, and to bring hope to the weary-hearted.

No man can succeed in all his undertakings, and it would not be well for him to do so. Things easily acquired go easily. It is by the struggle it costs that we learn to rightly estimate their value.

Femininities.

A New Hampshire woman has 100 pet cats.

Women journalists are becoming epidemic in Chicago.

A female elephant is known by the size of her trunk.

In Georgia many Swedish girls are taking the place of colored help.

Wisconsin, as well as California, will have a "Woman's Congress."

The women who do fancy work, very often fancy work at other times.

In a Bombay, India, cotton factory, women receive $1 a month, and men $8.

A girl has been arraigned in Cleveland, Tenn., for carrying a pistol concealed.

The lady with heavy gold bracelets always makes it a point not to wear cuffs.

English women have taken to angling for real fish, not content with being fishers of men.

An Iowa lad of fourteen has been sued by a Miss of sixteen, for breach of promise. So we go.

You seldom hear an old—age in the mouth of a woman, unless she is talking about a friend.

A great many of the young ladies we greet upon the street are works of art—if not of nature.

The man whose mother-in-law's dying words were, "I'm going to heaven," has given up his pew in church.

Every married man should join some good society, and as good as any is the society of his wife and children.

Never be too warm in your praises of a lady's lady friends. Friendship should be encouraged—not discouraged.

"Love lightens labor." Tell you but a man feels that when he has a loving wife to carry in the wood for the upstairs stove.

It is getting to be extremely fashionable for young ladies to learn to play on the banjo, and numbers of belles are taking lessons.

We are in doubt as to which is the more valuable accomplishment for a young lady, the ability to play upon a piano or a flatiron.

It is asserted that the Empress Eugenie, notwithstanding all efforts to dissuade her, will embark in February for Zululand to pray on the spot where her son was killed.

A petrified woman has been discovered near Halifax. It is suspected that her husband gave her ten dollars without asking, to get a new bonnet, and she was petrified with astonishment.

The new dress trimming of braided ribbons or strips of cloth, suggests the possibility that the wearer has stolen her mother's material for kitchen mats, and used it for her own adornment.

Many a timid woman would willingly and unflinchingly stand before the cannon's mouth, provided the canon were a piece of church ordinance, and the charge simply to "love, honor and obey."

At a ladies' celebration one of the toasts was: "Old bachelors! may they lie alone on a bed of nettles, sit alone on a wooden stretcher, eat alone off a wooden dish, and be their own kitchen-maids."

A great many more ladies than usual are attending political rallies this year. That indicates an interest in the suffrage movement, and a laudable desire to be fully informed in political matters before voting.

The best English weddings are solemnized at three o'clock in the afternoon by a special license, which costs $100. Insignificant persons submit to having their banns called, and are married before 12 o'clock.

On a recent occasion as the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church, when the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to stand up, a large number of ladies immediately arose.

Several girls were recently brought before a justice in Scranton, on a charge of stoning a peaceable old lady. Their defence was that she was a witch, and they believed it to be their duty to stone her to death.

The scarlet cloth used in making the uniforms of the British soldiers is death to the eyes of the sewing women who are obliged to work on it. They become blind if they continue at that kind of employment too long.

The only time in life when a woman seems to be truly happy is when she sits calmly down, and attempts to trim a new bonnet with old trimming. She seems to be truly happy, but what a Vesuvius is at work in her heart.

An artist who painted a picture of a lady that was a frightful daub, on asking her what she thought of it, when he took it home, was surprised by her responding, "I think it is altogether lacking in warmth, so I'll throw it into the fire;" which she did.

Oh, the inconsistency of woman! She murmurs, "Love me little, love me long," then goes and sues her obedient lover for breach of promise when, to gratify her wishes, he puts off the wedding-day year after year in his efforts to love her long and a good deal.

"They tell me that times are getting better," growled an old lady in the postoffice yesterday. "Here they are asking just as much for stamps to send a letter to my son in Virginia as they did during the war." The clerk explained that the price was not raised when everything else went up, which seemed to soothe her.

A French woman has written an entertaining book of travels, in which she tells how she obtained sight of a Chinese woman's foot. Few ever see—not even the husband—the bare foot of a lady. It had to be unrolled like a mummy. Under the gold-embroidered stocking were three folds of calico, and the foot itself was a deformed mass, the toes growing into the soles of the foot, producing suppuration.

A man broke a chair over his wife's head last week. When he got to jail, and the chaplain undertook to talk to him, he displayed a good deal of penitence. He said he was very sorry that he had permitted his anger to obtain the mastery over him and to suffer him to do such an act, because it was a good chair—one of those good old-fashioned Windsor chairs, which was an heirloom in the family, and he knew he never could replace it.

Hasheesh.

A double-shell race—Clams.

Branch houses—The florists.

Missing men—Bad marksmen.

Driven to the wall—Paper hangers.

Wicked young men style scarlet stockings "fire hose."

A grinding monopoly—A society of united street organists.

A well meaning man—One who contemplates digging one.

Even the discovery of new planets has picked up wonderfully.

"I hope I see you well," as the bucket said when it touched the water.

The individual chiefly anxious to see the rule laid down is the schoolboy.

Why is it impossible to cheat at chess—Because all movements must be made on the square.

When did measles first break out and what was the cause of the riot?

A monument has never been put up for Adam, and yet he was the man of all men.

Men and women are much alike. The one takes to the beer-glass, the other to the pier-glass.

The Western horse-thief was in an agony of suspense after his fellow-citizens rode away and left him.

He said he wanted her to be his helpmate, and she replied that she could never be more than assister to him.

The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. No doubt it would live much longer if it didn't smoke so much.

"Anonymous articles will receive no attention," the editor remarked when a baby was left on his doorstep.

When the door-bell is sounded by a friend with whom you have an appointment, can it be called an engagement-ring?

A newspaper reporter who died recently left a large sum of money behind him. In fact, he left all the money there was in the world.

One of the most popular organizations among the working people is the "Corset Fasteners' Association," at New Haven, Ct. Everybody wants to join.

A wag having married a young lady by the name of Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did in all his life before.

"I walked the floor all night with the toothache!" said he, to which his unfeeling listener replied: "You didn't expect to walk the ceiling with it, did you?"

Archie: "See how I am hunted after; all these are invitations." Friend: "Good gracious! all invitations? Invitations to what?" Archie: "Invitations to call and settle."

It is said that a case of hydrophobia can be cured if the patient will exert his will power; but it is far better for one if he will exert his leg power when he sees a mad dog coming.

Disturbed parent and noisy five year old. "See here, sonny; what did your mother tell you?" "She told me not to jump." "Well, what makes you jump then?" "I didn't hear her."

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said an old bachelor; "it is more like climbing up to it."

The interim between the parasol and muff season is a very trying one to the ladies. They know not what to do with their hands. An appropriate time to give them away, with heart accompaniment.

Sixty-seven thousand acres were devoted to the cultivation of castor oil in Madras, last year. Those who have had any fear of a scarcity of this exhilarating beverage may now take comfort.

The pastor of one of the village churches took a pair of pantaloons to a tailor the other day to have them repaired. Tailor examined them critically and observed: "Humph, knees are the best part of 'em."

A man on his card calls himself a "Temperance Bootmaker." The need of temperance boots is very apparent; for, though they're not generally drunk, it's a notorious fact that they're often tight.

It is always well to let your servants know that you appreciate their good qualities. That is so; but when you tell the chambermaid that she's a dumpling and a daisy, you want to take care that your wife doesn't hear you.

"Bring me a glass of water if you please," said a visitor to his host, an avaricious millionaire. The water was brought. "Now," asked the visitor, "will you have the kindness to bring me a straw? My imagination will furnish the rest."

A man who took the affirmative in a barroom debate, the other night, on the question, "Resolved, That home is woman's proper sphere," went home a few hours later and turned his wife out into the street. Some men are just that whimsical!

A congregation, anxious to get rid of their pastor, were considerably perplexed how to do it without hurting his feelings. After considerable discussion they concluded to inform him that they were obliged to reduce his salary. A delegation was appointed to wait on him and notify him of the fact. "Brethern," was his reply, "I have been with you in prosperity and I will never desert you in adversity."

A darkey was once attempting to steal a goose, but a dog raised an objection, and Sambo retired. The next night during a thunder shower he attempted it again, and just as he was on the point of getting away with his fowl the lightning struck close by, and the noise nearly frightened the poor fellow to death. Dropping the goose he started off muttering, "'Pears to me dars a heap of fuss made 'bout a common goose."

IT SHOULD BE THE BUSINESS OF EVERY One having a Cold to treat it promptly and properly until it is got rid of—intelligent experience fortunately presenting a curative in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds—allay any exciting inflammation of the Throat or Lungs, and remove the distressing symptoms of Asthma or Pleurisy.

A PRINCE AT HOME.

ONE who knows him well, says that Prince Bismarck the famous Russian Chancellor is constantly longing for the simple pleasures and recreations of life. The residence at Varzin affords ample space for the Chancellor and his family, as well as a limited number of guests. Prince Bismarck's rooms are on the left of the entrance hall. His study, just facing a long avenue cut through the park, is a corner room, with two windows, near one of which stands the Chancellor's writing table. The chair in front, usually occupied by him, is an exact model of the so called Luther chair preserved at Eisenach. The furniture, with the exception of a large Turkish divan, is of oak, in pure Renaissance style. Photographs engravings and a few oil paintings, nearly all reminiscences of the last war and partly presents from His Majesty, adorn the walls. Almost the only ornament besides a rich Gobelin tapestry, which represents the penance of the German Emperor Henry IV. at Canossa, is a large marble chimney piece before the open fire at which Prince Bismarck likes to sit in the twilight of winter evenings silently musing and smoking his pipe. Having a basketful of dry fir cones at hand, he enjoys stirring up the flames by throwing the crisp fuel into the open grate. At Varzin the Prince gets up at quite an early hour. If the weather permits he takes a long stroll through the grounds before breakfast, after which he mounts on horseback for a ride over the estate, closely watching the laborers and giving personal instructions to the bailiffs. Before his daughter's marriage she was his faithful companion on these rounds, which, without heed to stone or fence, were sometimes rather dangerous, especially some years ago, when the infirmities of age and alarmingly increasing corpulence had not restricted the Chancellor's equestrian exercises. On his return home the Prince sets to work examining the letter bags brought by special couriers from the Foreign Office and replying to the official inquiries pursuing him in his retirement. As in accordance with his strict injunctions he is only troubled with the most important matters, necessitating his direct attention, the time devoted to business is comparatively small. After lunch and a short *siesta* during which he peruses the extracts from the press, prepared for him, followed by Tigras, his favorite dog, he takes another walk through the park either with his wife or some member of his family. A kind and gracious master, much interested in the welfare of his tenants, he enjoys great popularity, and on these walks is often accosted by them and asked for advice. To dinner the clergyman at the village and the neighboring gentry are frequently invited and favored with familiar conversation by their host, not only on the topics of the day, but also on political questions.

ROYAL LEVEE OF LOUIS XIV.—At eight in the morning the first royal valet, who alone slept in the chamber of the king, having dressed himself awoke his majesty. His principal physician, surgeon and nurse then entered and saluted him, while his attendants rubbed him from head to foot before dressing him. At a quarter past eight the great chamberlain was summoned,—in his absence the first gentleman of the court,—with whom entered the grandees. The curtain of the king's bed was then drawn, and holy water presented to him, after which, if anyone of them wished to speak to the king they could do it, the others drawing back. Shortly after, the book of the Holy Ghost being presented to him, all pass into the council chamber, leaving the king alone, and after a brief interval of time returned. His *robe de chambre* was then handed to him, and the doors being thrown open, the king was discovered pulling on his stockings, he performing all these offices himself. Every other day he shaved himself, and always wore a little short perruque, even when in bed. During the business of the toilet he conversed about hunting, or some other subject. As soon as he was dressed he prayed by the side of his bed; all the clergy present also kneeled down the cardinals without their caps, the laity standing. The captain of the guard entered during the prayers, the king proceeded to his room, where he was followed by the whole of the persons who were with him.

The powers of a horse's memory were illustrated at Rochester, N. Y., recently, where the driver of a hook and ladder truck tried an experiment. Three and a half years ago the city sold a team of horses that had been used for drawing the truck, and since then they had been employed in different work. One day recently the driver took the horses into the truck house and turned them loose, whereupon each went directly to his own stall and when a gong was sounded they ran out and took their accustomed positions at the tongue of the machine.

Parties wishing to operate in Stock, in large or small amounts, will find a safe and profitable method through the undersigned. Explanations and financial paper, market reports, etc., free on application. SMALLEY & GALE, Stock Brokers 36 Broadway, N.Y.

News Notes.

There are 5 000 sufferers by hay fever in the United States.

The population of British India is estimated at 192 800 000

Russia has more sheep than any other country in Europe.

Texas buys her cabbage, onion and apples from Northern States.

A negro woman 82 years old is going to school at Carsonville, Ga.

Ex Senator Stewart, of Nevada, has by a series of fortunate speculations succeeded in retrieving his fortune.

The personal estate of the late Prince Louis Napoleon has been sworn under three hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Edison it is reported, is preparing to light the Cheney silk works and the village at South Manchester by electricity.

The percentage of attendance in the Chicago public schools is 95 3. Drawing is studied by 21,425 pupils; the German language by 2,145.

Virgil James, who died in Little Rock, Ark., the other day, had $5 000 hidden somewhere, but refused to reveal the secret before he died

The Rothschilds are going to give two million francs to the fund for prosecuting the experiments for constructing the Channel Tunnel.

A Utica barber announces himself as a "tonsorial artist, physiognomical hair-dresser, facial operator, cranium manipulator and capillary abridger."

Ben Lowe, a circus acrobat, stood on his head for two hours, in a Texas bar-room, on a wager, and the feat brought on brain fever, from which he died.

Baron Hirsh, of Paris, who has to make both ends meet on a pittance of $20 000 000, has just won the first prize of $100,000 in the Vienna Communal Lottery.

Mr. Moody objects to being insulated from his audience, and the other day insisted that a glass stand of flowers should be taken away before he would speak.

William Habron, who came near being hanged for a murder committed by the notorious Peace, has lately been awarded $5 000 by the British Government.

Dr. H J Glenn, late Democratic candidate for Governor in California, has this year raised 65 000 tons of grain on his ranch in Colusa county, worth $2 210 000.

A Paris urchin recently tossed a lighted cigarette into a cask of petroleum, and then put his eye to the bunghole to watch the effect. It was his last experiment.

It is said that public sentiment in Mississippi is averse to Jeff Davis taking possession of the estate left him by Mrs. Dorsey, as the heirs need it, and he does not.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is civilized enough to give dinner parties in a European fashion, with music from an excellent band, decorated bills of fare, and all sorts of luxuries.

A Frenchman at Roder was recently shooting pigeons in his garden, when his daughter approached unperceived and received a fatal charge of shot in her face.

Mrs. General Fremont, since her husband became Governor of Arizona, has originated several classes in history among the grown sons and daughters of poor settlers.

Prince Reuss XX and his young bride, who was up till last May a circus rider, have gone to Sofia, where the young couple are to stay a few weeks with Alexander I., of Bulgaria.

The Princess Louise sailed for England last week. The Marquis will follow in time to accompany her on her return, which will be before the opening of the Canadian Parliament.

Victor Hugo is trying to persuade Garibaldi to renounce his Italian nationality and become a citizen of France. He reminds him that he was born at Nice, and that Nice is now a French city.

According to present appearances the distress among the working classes of thickly populated towns in the northeastern portion of England, will be most intense during the coming winter.

Daily bulletins of current events with lists of books pertaining to the subjects, are hanging in the Hartford, Conn., public library. This is done to encourage the reading of instructive matter.

The trial of a copyright lawsuit in Washington brings out the fact that one printer has, within a year, furnished thousands of counterfeits of foreign champagne labels to be put on American wines.

The rich Englishman, Thomas Holloway, is erecting at his own expense an institution for the higher education of girls. The building alone, which has been begun, is to cost $1,-250,000, and is 490 feet in length.

Miss Maud Banks, daughter of General Banks, has made her debut at Brookline, Mass., as an actress in an amateur company. She intends to go on the professional stage. The General was once an actor.

"I have searched for truth, and nowhere could I find it, not even in myself; therefore I die." This singular note was found on the body of a Russian nobleman who recently committed suicide with a pistol.

Though Siberia is more than half as large again as the United State, some of its districts are already over populated. In the province of Tobolsk there is no Government land left for the settlement of the exiled criminals.

We know that there is nothing on earth equal to Hop Bitters as a family medicine.

Rice growers along the banks of the Mississippi have often had to put up with small crops for lack of irrigation by the river. This year pumps have been largely used when the river was too low for the necessary overflow.

The highest inhabited house in the world is believed to be the one erected for the miners employed at Mount Lincoln, in the main range of the Rocky Mountains, Park county, Colorado. It is 14 157 feet above the level of the sea.

A mute wedding took place at Mercersburg. The marriage ceremony was interpreted by the bride's sister into the sign language in a manner most interesting and pleasing to all the witnesses whose pleasure it was to be present.

My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind; I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard.

Prayer is the pitcher that fetcheth water from the brook wherewith to water the herbs; break the pitcher and it will fetch no water, and for want of water the garden will wither.

Nothing is so fallible as human judgment, but nothing so pitiless. The one black spot in our hearts—the devil's share in us—is that the general impulse is to believe the worst.

The North Pole and Equator

Are not more widely distinct than the standard tonic, stimulant and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and the cheap and fiery local bitters which unscrupulous vendors foist upon the unwary as medicated preparations with remedial properties. The latter are usually composed in the main of half rectified alcoholic excitants, with some wretched drug combined to disguise their real flavor, and are perfectly ruinous to the coats of the stomach. Hostetter's Bitters, on the contrary, has for its basis choice spirits of absolute purity, and this is modified and combined with medicinal extracts of rare excellence and botanical origin, which both invigorate and regulate the bowels, stomach and liver. They effect a radical change in the disordered physical economy, which is manifested by a speedy improvement in the general health.

Real Estate in the West.

The Denver Land Co. offer in another column alternate lots in their addition. These alternate lots are in fact given away, though a nominal charge of one dollar is made for the deed. The Company limit the number purchasable at this price to five lots. Many of the large cities of the West have been started in a similar manner, and those who secured lots then, find themselves now in possession of valuable property. The opportunity does not often present itself of making an investment in Real Estate at such prices.

To Be Kept at the Head.

Each of Warner's Safe Remedies—the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, Safe Pills, Safe Nervine, and Safe Bitters, is asserted to be the best of its class, and the intention is to keep it so. If any medical expert can add an ingredient which will improve any one of them, he will be paid a high price for the improvement.

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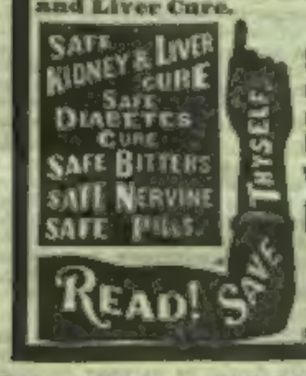

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[SEAL.] State of Colorado, County of Weld, } ss. W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder.

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FASHION NOTES.

THERE are combinations of gay brocade shown with a plain color in the richest as well as the plainest French dresses. The basque, paniers, and tablier are of the brocade, or else there is a guimpe of some gay fabric with a plain bodice, and sometimes both these new features are on one dress. The manner of combining the two materials on a dress is varied, and in this way there are designs to suit all figures. The new ideas in the bodices of these dresses are the guimpes, or chemisettes, and the great collars in Directoire style, made square and straight behind, and like a three-cornered revers in front. These are of plain satin simply stitched on the edges, even for the richest brocaded basques. The newest gathering for guimpes or for tabliers catches the fabrics in tucks, three or four in a cluster, leaving an interval between, like a puff; this is most effective on satin. The flowing trains are not tied back, though tapes are still used to draw back the side gores. These wide trains of the darkest satins, silks, or velvets are lined from the belt to the extreme end with white, stiff, yet fine lawn, to keep them bouffant, and they are often finished with as many as five layers of lace flounces in showy Russian and corded Byzantine lace patterns; the front gored breadths of the trained skirt are not lined, but are simply faced. There are no flounces on the train, but a box-plaited satin frill sometimes finishes the edge.

Satin has brought into vogue lustrous silks with satin finish, called "Satins de Lyons." Brocaded black satins, or those in one shade of any fashionable color, are selected for combining with plain silks. The designs are small and quaint, such as olives, stripes with birds in them, Japanese fans, shells, palm leaves, and thorny branches, etc. When several colors are introduced, the designs are intricate and closely woven, and in many cases they resemble embroidery. The striped brocades remain in great favor, together with most striped fabrics, which are becoming generally known as pekins. Thus there are silks with brocaded satin stripes, and satins with stripes of brocaded velvet; sometimes only one color is represented, but the newest and richest brocades have the various colors combined in Indian and Persian cashmeres. Other rich fabrics for combination dresses have mossy stripes on ground of a contrasting hue, or else there are flowers—roses, buds, and leaves—of natural colors in raised velvet pile on satin grounds. Changeable or shot effects are shown in silk, satin, and velvet, in the quaint old-fashioned colors worn a generation ago. Those who have dresses of these shot silks that have been treasured as heirlooms, can use them again, as almost any pattern can be matched now with the striped shot silks.

What the French call "coulisse," the English "gauge," "gather," and "drawn," and in this country "shirring," is a great feature in autumn and winter dresses. It is seen not only on woolen dresses, but on the skirts, bodices and sleeves of the richest fabrics. Satin de Lyon, cashmere, and camel's hair dresses are ornamented with many rows of parallel drawings or gatherings in large clusters, that are from an eighth to a quarter of a yard in depth; on the shoulders, and at the waist rows of gatherings are also very generally adopted.

This style of ornamentation is composed with the material of the dress; the extraneous or additional trimmings this season would fill chapters. The subject is a hard one to treat exhaustively, but I will enumerate a few of the principal novelties.

First, there is hand-painted lace, and here is quite a new field for the industrious—nothing more or less than lace pointed by hand in cashmere colors and designs. It is shown both in black and white; the former is in Breton patterns, and the thick figure is painted in Japanese blue, or else old-gold with red, olive or pale blue. The white lace is woven in Mechlin patterns, and is delicately tinted by the brush. It is to be used for jabots, neckties, caps, and handkerchiefs. There are also scraps of hand-painting on silk, and on India muslin to be made up with the white lace. The black cashmere painted lace will be used for trimming black dresses in which the gay cashmere brocades are introduced.

As for general trimmings, their name is legion. Fringes, passementerie, separate ornaments shaped to the figure, brandebourgs, cords, tassels, are shown in great variety for both dresses and cloaks. The fringes are very wide, with netted headings like the fringes on Canton crape shawls, or else they are made of both curled and straight chenille, which looks like silk or satin ravelled at each edge. The crimped tape fringes are shown again, and there are beaded fringes of the finest cut jet, as well as more showy ones made of large beads graduated in size. The many-colored cashmere beads are also made up into fringes that cost as much as rare laces; and there are cashmere-beaded passementeries to match the fringes of many colors. The passementerie ornaments are shaped like a pelerine, or else a round deep collar, or perhaps a waistcoat front with one or two pieces extending the length of the back of the mantle, and ending in drop fringe. Perhaps the richest of all is a covering for the front breadths of skirts, which is made of net thickly wrought with jet embroidery. The marabout fringes and full ruches are not made of frail feathers, though they closely resemble them, but of the satin chenille already mentioned. For draping dresses there are rosettes and tassels, and also long gilded points for finishing the ends of ribbons.

The button departments likewise show the same activity and invention. The new engraved pearl-tinted buttons are exquisite, displaying the most delicate, as well as the richest shades of color, and unique designs—griffins, dragons, sphinx, and Japanese patterns—figuring on many of them. Some are carved to represent shells, roses, and foliage, while others have landscapes in relief, like cameo cutting, with each button representing a different scene. Two sizes of buttons are used for most costumes—those on the bodice, both front and back, being nearly twice as large as those on the sleeves. A novelty is the metal bullet-shaped button painted in cashmere colors to match the colors of broche cashmere; there are also large flat metal buttons with painted palm leaves, arabesques, etc.

The new autumn muffs are charming. They are made of gathered satin, like capotes, and are lined with pale ecru; at each side they are bordered with a thick satin ruche, and with two large satin bows. They are made to match the bonnet rather than the toilette. For instance, if the bonnet is of Turkish cashmere, bordered with caroubier velvet, the muff would be caroubier satin. If the bonnet is blue and old-gold, the muff will be blue, with old gold bows. If the wearer is in mourning, the muff will be drawn Indian cashmere, with a crepe ruche and satin bows. These muffs are now sold, with the bonnet to match, in large establishments.

Fireside Chat.

HOUSE CLEANING: AND THE BEST WAY TO SET ABOUT IT.

THE first thing to aim at in beginning the "thorough clean," is that it should be attended with as little discomfort as possible to those members of the household who do not actually take part in it. I think the housewife and mother ought to determine that no forethought or contrivance that she can possibly exert shall be spared by which her husband and her sons may be shielded from discomfort. Of course everybody knows that whitewashers, painters, and paper-hangers are members of society who entirely refuse to be smuggled quietly into a house and pushed gently out of it. It is not very often, however, that all the rooms of the house are painted, and the ceilings whitewashed, in one season; and with a little arrangement the cleaning of a large portion of the house may be gotten over without any discomfort. I think it is a good plan to take two or three of the bed-rooms that are of the least importance, and have them cleaned gradually until quite early in the year, before the regular cleaning comes on; so that when the work is really begun, it will not feel to be quite so overpowering. It is very disheartening for servants to have to set to work and clean a house of even moderate size right through, one room after another: and if part of the house can be done easily like this, it feels to be a great help.

In cleaning my house I always adopt the old-fashioned plan of beginning at the top and coming down to the bottom, by which means the dirt is not trodden backwards and forwards. I think it is a good plan where two servants are kept to let one do the cleaning and the other attend to the ordinary work of the house, so as to keep things comfortable. These minor details, however, must be arranged by every mistress to suit her own convenience.

And now let us see what has to be done before a room can be said to be thoroughly cleaned. The carpet must be taken up; all the articles of furniture must be removed out of their places, and either taken entirely out of the room, or covered with dust sheets; the pictures, curtains, and blinds must be taken down and nothing ought to be put back again until it has been properly cleaned. If it has been decided that the whitewashers are not to be called in, the ceiling and walls must be rubbed with a soft cloth, which has been securely fastened upon the end of a broom. The paper must be cleaned, and if the room is a bed-room, the bed must be taken to pieces, carefully examined, and the joints purified. The grate must be black-leaded and brightened, the paint washed (including the woodwork about the windows), the windows cleaned, the floor scrubbed, the carpet beaten, and the furniture and pictures polished. Then, when everything is quite clean, the carpets can be laid down, and the furniture restored to its original position.

Perhaps the best thing I can do is to take each of these things separately, and give my idea of the best way of doing them.

To Clean Wall-paper.—Take off the dust with a soft cloth. Make a lump of very stiff dough with a little flour and water, and rub the wall gently downwards, taking the length of the arm at each stroke, and in this way go round the room. As the dough becomes dirty cut the soiled part off. In the second round, commence the stroke a little above where the last one ended, and be very careful not to cross the paper, or to go up again. Ordinary papers cleaned in this way will look fresh and bright, and almost as good as new. Some papers, however—and these the most expensive ones—will not clean nicely; and in order to ascertain whether or not a paper can be cleaned, it is best to try it first in some obscure corner, which will not be noticed if the result is unsatisfactory. If there are any broken places in the wall, fill them up with a mixture of equal parts of plaster of Paris and silver sand, made into a paste with a little water. Then cover the place with a little piece of paper, like the rest, if it can be had. When a room is newly papered, a few yards of the paper should be preserved for repairs. If there are any spots of grease on the walls, mix some fuller's earth with ox-gall and cold water, and spread this on the spot. Pin a little blotting-paper over the mixture, and leave it for three or four hours; then brush it off carefully, when in all probability the grease will be removed. If not, renew the operation—which, however, is not likely to be successful if the paper is one which will not clean nicely.

Grates, etc.—Black lead black grates and fenders, and polish them in every part. If a grate has been neglected some time, it may be varnished with Brunswick black, which is made as follows:—Melt half a pound of asphaltum, and mix with very gradually a quarter of a pint of linseed oil and one pint of oil of turpentine. If too thick, add a little more turpentine. The range may be brushed with this mixture, and left to dry. When fires are used it will need to be black leaded in the ordinary way. Polished grates and irons should be rubbed every day thoroughly with a dry leather, and in damp weather two or three times a day. If this were done regularly, no polishing would be required. When once they have been rusted or dulled, they should be rubbed with emery paper, or with a polish made of follows:—Mix equal parts of turpentine and sweet oil, and stir in as much emery-powder as will make a thin paste. Rub this on the steel with a piece of old flannel, rub it off with another piece, and brighten with leather and emery.

Carpets must be taken up and beaten on the wrong side first, and afterwards very gently on the right side; and care should be taken not to use sticks with points, or the carpets may be injured. After a carpet has been beaten, it should not be laid down until the floor is quite dry, or the nails may rust and spoil it. If after being beaten the carpet still looks dirty, it may be washed and made to look fresh and bright in the following manner:—Procure a quart of bullock's gall from the butcher's, and mix with it three quarts of soft cold water. Rub this into the carpet either with a clean flannel or a soft brush; rinse the lather off with cold water, and rub the carpet dry with a soft cloth. If there are any very dirty places, wash them with gall only. It will be best to speak for the gall a day or two before it is wanted and it should not cost more than a few cents.

Paint.—Soda should never be used in washing paint. The best way to do it is to put a handful of finely powdered whitening into a bowl, having ready a piece of soft flannel and some clean warm water. Wet the flannel, squeeze it dry, dip it into the whitening, and rub the paint up and down until it is clean. Wash off with cold water; and when it is nearly dry, finish it with a soft leather. If the paint be very dirty, mix a little bullock's gall with the whitening. In washing the wainscot, care must be taken not to touch the edge of the paper with the wet flannel, as this would give the room a shabby appearance.

The Beds.—Pull down the beds, and carefully examine and purify every crevice and joint, together with the mattress and bindings, so that if there are any unwelcome visitors, their presence may be discovered. If anything disagreeable is already in the bed, brush every part of the bedstead with spirit of naphtha. When the bedsteads are made of wood, the joints may be smeared with a mixture of soft soap and strong pepper. All bedsteads should be taken to pieces twice a year, in the spring and in the autumn, and the mattresses, palliasses, and feather beds beaten. Once a year the blankets and covers should be washed and the furniture thoroughly cleansed.

Floors.—When floors are washed regularly, it is best to scour them with sand and cold water only, laid on with plenty of elbow-grease, as it is called, as soap and soda have a tendency to darken the boards. If they are only washed occasionally, some fuller's-earth should be dried, and made into a paste with rather less than half the quantity of silver sand. This mixture should be sprinkled on the boards, and they should be then well scrubbed in the direction of the wood, and afterwards washed with cold water. If the floor be spotted with grease, mix a quarter of a pound of pearl ash with one pint of hot water and scrub the floor with this and a little fine sand.

Marble Mantel-pieces.—The mantel-pieces must be washed with soap and warm water. If there are any stains, mix two ounces of powdered pumice-stone with two ounces of powdered chalk and a quarter of a pound of soda. Sift these, then make them into a paste with cold water. Rub the marble with the paste, and afterwards wash it with soap and water.

Pictures.—Brush the frames with a soft brush and blow the dust out of any crevices which can not otherwise be reached. Clean the glass with a wet leather and a soft cloth, and be careful not to touch the gilt frames with the damp cloth. Frames may be made to look fresh and bright by being brushed over with a mixture composed of one ounce of soda and three ounces of white of egg. If very shabby, the only satisfactory way of treating them is to send them to be re gilt. I have never found any other method successful.

Lacquered Gas Chandeliers.—Clean them by rubbing them with a soft flannel dipped in a mixture made of equal parts of vinegar and stale beer. Wash the globes with whitening and water.

Chimney Glasses.—Rub these over lightly, either with wet whitening or with a rag dipped in spirits of wine, and polish them with a soft leather.

Venetian Blinds.—Unfasten the tape at the bottom of the blind, and draw out all the laths. Wash them with lukewarm water and soap, dry them thoroughly, and put them up again, being careful that the cords which come down in the middle of the tapes are put in properly, as if this is not done the narrow tapes will fray.

After the furniture has been restored to its place, it should be cleaned and polished. Great care should be taken that all the dirt is rubbed off before the polish is put on, and in polishing it use a small quantity only of the paste. The principal thing required is good rubbing. The following will be found a good furniture polish:—Mix thoroughly a quarter of a pint of turpentine, ditto spirits of wine, ditto vinegar, and ditto linseed oil. Put the mixture into a bottle and shake it well, then rub it briskly on the furniture, and afterwards polish with a soft duster.

Winter curtains which are to be laid aside during the summer, should be shaken, brushed and folded neatly, and put away with dry bran spread between the folds. This will make them look bright and fresh when they are taken out. All flannel and woolen goods should have lumps of camphor, or, better still, or better still, strips of Russian leather, put into the box with them, and they should be taken out and examined at least once in two months.

When every room in the house has been cleaned, the passages and stairs should be done, and the same directions followed with them. Then the fresh white curtains, the clean antimacassars the pretty fire ornaments, may be brought on, with whatever adornments taste or fancy may dictate. If, when all is finished, both mistress and servants do not think their labor well repaid by the improved appearance and increased comfort of the house, all I can say is that they are very unlike the people with whom I am acquainted.

One word in conclusion. There is an old proverb which says, "If you want your work well done, do it yourself." I can scarcely recommend a lady to clean her house entirely by herself, but I am quite sure of one thing, she would find it to her advantage to personally superintend the cleaning of it. The way to obtain expedition, thoroughness, and cheerful work from the servants is to join partially in it; and any lady who will spend part of her time in the room where the cleaning is going on, busying herself if she likes in a little of the lighter work, such as washing the ornaments or polishing the pictures, will find the truth of the saying, "The eye of a mistress is worth two pairs of hands."

Judah P. Benjamin, the remarkable man who has made name and fortune over again since the end of the war, recently sent a poor country editor in Louisiana a check for $1,500.

Answers to Inquirers.

STATUE, (New York, N. Y.)—The Colossus of Rhodes, which had been thrown down by an earthquake, weighed 720,000 lbs.

PURELAD, (Cottonwood, Minn.)—The gentleman is introduced to the lady or a person of inferior rank to a superior. You would mention the gentleman's name first.

BROOD, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Little Bear is a constellation of nearly the same form as the Great Bear parallel to it, but reversed. The Polar Star, at the extremity of the tail, is of the third magnitude.

L. O. (Rockingham, Va.)—Try again perhaps the young lady's first refusal was only given to induce your making a second and more pressing one. In love as in war, the most daring generally gain the prize.

W. S. (Haywood, Tenn.)—Your friend's claims as to the power of his memory are doubtless exaggerated. He is like the old sea captain who declared that he had crossed the Atlantic so often that he knew every wave by sight.

READER, (Merrimack, N. H.)—It was long the opinion, but an erroneous one, that Jeddo, the capital of Japan, was the most populous city in the world. It probably contains a million of inhabitants, but no more. London is the largest.

IAGO, (Monroe, Wis.)—Jealousy and love are not indissolubly united. Jealousy is love diseased. A woman cannot love the man to whose infidelities she can remain indifferent. Jealousy and mortification are the results of infidelity and inattention.

M. L. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—When a party of ladies and gentlemen go to dine together at an hotel, it is not usual for the ladies to remove their bonnets if they dine where other parties are present; but if they engage a private room, they can suit their own convenience on the point.

N. B. (Clarke, Ind.)—A boy of twenty who engages himself to a woman forty years old ought to be looked after by his parents or guardians. And a woman of forty, who would take advantage of such a child, and entangle him in a marriage engagement, ought to be ashamed of herself.

C. H., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—A debut into society is a barrier between an immaturity of character and culture, and an admission of the completion of both. Previous to this event a young girl is not supposed to be sufficiently intelligent to be interesting to her elders among her own sex, and certainly not worldly-wise enough to associate with gentlemen.

T. H., (Essex, Mass.)—If the gentleman is acquainted with the young lady, and her residence is in another town from his own, he may with perfect propriety write to her a note, asking if a correspondence with himself would be agreeable. She will of course write to him if it is, if not she need not answer his letter. She has perfect liberty to do as she feels disposed.

DOMINO, (San Francisco, Cal.)—How do you suppose any human being is to know "whether the Aztec kings of Mexico have a treasure hid in that country?" The only possible way of knowing such an auriferous fact would be to see the treasure in its hiding place; and a man who had actually seen it would not be apt to be indiscreet enough to publish the fact to the world.

EX AMOUR, (Baltimore, Md.)—Wedding cake should be sent to intimate friends, or to any with whom you are desirous of keeping up a correspondence; cake, and cards, and the rest of it; but if there be any with whom you do not wish to continue an acquaintance, be careful not to include them in this courtesy. All single friendships die out when the lady or gentleman marries, and must, if sought, be renewed by this attention.

LELAND, (Erie, Pa.)—When a gentleman addresses a lady in a ball-room in order to invite her to dance, the words he makes use of ought to depend on the terms on which he stands towards her. Thus, if the acquaintance be very slight, his mode of address must be ceremonious and formal; if they be intimate he may speak in a friendly style. A gentleman's own tact and good sense ought to enable him to judge for himself on these points.

M. W. (Stokes, N. C.)—You want to know what a lady should do to a man who had courted her for three years, and then deserted her for another whose "baby face has won his silly heart." If the man is really the fool you represent him to be, you should do nothing to him by way of revenge. On the contrary, you should feel obliged to him for having rid you of his attentions, and perhaps saved you from the odious fate of being yoked to a fool for life.

ROYAL, (Warrick, Md.)—Corns and bunions are produced by wearing boots or shoes that fit the feet too tightly, and we have little doubt as to your bunions having been produced by the same cause. Try warm water and linseed poultices, or, if that does not prove effectual, mix together twelve grains of iodide of potassium and half an ounce of spermaceti ointment, rub in gently a portion about the size of a bean two or three times a day.

W. L. M. (Halifax N. S.)—The ocean rises and falls alternately; and its depth is observed to be the greatest at any given place a certain time after the moon has passed the meridian of that place; after which, it decreases until it reaches a certain point, when it again gradually rises. The interval of time between low water and the following high water is called flood tide, and that between high water and the following low water is called ebb tide. There are generally, on an average, two high tides in one lunar day.

ROWIN, (Waynesburg, Ky.)—As a matter of course, in reading history you will have, and it is right that you should have, your doubts as to the probabilities and possibilities of the happening of many events related. But that will do you no harm; on the contrary, it will do you good. You ought to read critically; and demand that the authors you read shall properly substantiate the statements which they set forth as facts. Otherwise you might be imposed upon to any extent, and accept fable for history.

SADIE M. (Franklin, Kans.)—When a young lady discards a suitor because she hears certain evil reports concerning him, and then finds out that they are not true, it is not an easy thing for her to win him back again. She may however get a parent or intimate friend to write to him on her behalf, and say that she deems it to be only an act of justice to inform him that she had been misled by calumnious statements: and she must then wait to see what effect the letter will produce.

LOIS, (York, Pa.)—You are not the first young lady who has discovered too late the danger of playing with fire. For a young lady to amuse herself by writing anonymous letters to a gentleman may seem, at first, very good fun and quite safe. You have now found out that it may lead to very disagreeable embarrassments. Take warning by your mishap, and avoid such perilous nonsense in future. It is a good rule for men and women, for young and old, "Do nothing that requires artifice and concealment."

FEMILA, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It will hardly be possible for you to govern your children aright if you and your wife quarrel in their presence, as to your mode of government. You are clearly right in maintaining that when a child voluntarily confesses a fault and exhibits contrition, it should not be scolded, or at the time reproved in any way whatever. At such a moment a child's heart is peculiarly tender and sensitive: and if its confession be met with harshness, rebuke, or punishment, the child will smart under a sense of injustice—it will lose faith in its parents' kindness, affection, and goodness of heart—it will be afraid to confess its faults thereafter—its heart will be sealed up, and it will become sullen and deceitful, instead of continuing to be frank, honest and confiding.

A. T. (Norristown, Pa.)—The aggrived lover, whose troubles you describe, is probably yourself, and we shall answer you accordingly. It seems that the young lady to whom you are engaged, in company with a school-friend visited another school-friend living in a town at some distance after you had advised and requested her not to make the visit. This conduct, on the part of the young lady, seems to have stirred your soul to its deepest depths, and you ask, "What ought a gentleman to do in this case? What is his duty towards her, and has she any further claim on him, after setting at defiance his advice and counsel, meant for her own good only?" You can probably come nearer to getting at your duty, &c., by first supposing that you had visited there, in company with a friend, against the advice and counsel of your betrothed, meant for your good only, and by then trying to imagine what her duty would be to you under such circumstances. Most men when under the influence of that phase of keen and concentrated selfishness which they mistake for love are apt to be very jealous, very tyrannical, and very silly, and it is to be hoped that you, by your wise and equitable conduct in this case, will set such men a proper example of magnanimity and justice.